

THE
RELAPSE;

OR,

VIRTUE in DANGER.

A

COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at Both THEATRES.

Written by (Sir JOHN) VANBRUGH.



L O N D O N :

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the rest of the Proprietors. 1761.

(Price Six-pence.)

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P R E F A C E.

TO go about to excuse half the Defects this abortive Brat is come into the World with, would be to provoke the town with a long useless preface, when it is, I doubt, sufficiently soured already by a tedious play.

I do therefore (with all the Humility of a repenting Sinner) confess, it wants every thing—but length; and in that, I hope, the severest Critick will be pleas'd to acknowledge I have not been wanting. But my Modesty will sure atone for every thing, when the World shall know it is so great, I am even to this Day insensible of those two shining Graces in the Play (which some part of the Town is pleas'd to compliment me with) Blasphemy and Bawdy.

For my part, I cannot find them out: If there were any obscene expressions upon the Stage, here they are in the Print; for I have dealt fairly, I have not sunk a Syllable, that cou'd (tho' by racking of Mysteries) be rang'd under that head; and yet I believe with a steady Faith, there is not one Woman of a real Reputation in Town, but when she has read it impartially over in her closet, will find it so innocent, she will think it no Affront to her Prayer-Book, to lay it upon the same Shelf. So to them (with all manner of difference) I entirely refer my Cause; and I am confident they will justify me against those Pretenders to Good-manners, who at the same time, have so little Respect for the Ladies, they wou'd extract a bawdy Jest from an Ejaculation, to put them out of countenance. But I expect to have these well-bred Persons always my Enemies, since I am sure I shall never write any thing lewd enough to make them my Friends.

As for the Saints (your thorough-pac'd ones, I mean, with skrew'd Faces and wry Mouths) I despair of them; for they are Friends to nobody: They love nothing but

their Altars and themselves ; they have too much Zeal to have any Charity ; they make Debauches in Piety, as Sinners do in Wine ; and are as quarrelsome in their Religion, as other People are in their Drink : so I hope nobody will mind what they say. But if any Man (with flat plod Shoes, a little Band, greasy Hair, and a dirty Face, who is wiser than I, at the Expence of being forty Years older) happens to be offended at a Story of a Cock and a Bull, and a Priest and a Bull-Dog, I beg his pardon with all my Heart ; which, I hope, I shall obtain, by eating my Words, and making this public Recantation. I do therefore, for his Satisfaction, acknowledge I lyed, when I said, they never quit their hold ; for in that little time I have liv'd in the World, I thank God I have seen them forc'd to it more than once ; but next time I will speak with more Caution and Truth, and only say, they have very good Teeth.

If I have offended any honest Gentleman of the Town, whose Friendship or good Word is worth the having, I am very sorry for it ; I hope they will correct me as gently as they can, when they consider I have had no other Design, in running a very great Risk, than to divert (if possible) some part of their Spleen, in spite of their Wives and their Taxes.

One Word more about the Bawdy, and I have done. I own the first Night this thing was acted, some Indelicencies had like to have happened ; but it was not my Fault.

The fine Gentleman of the Play, drinking his Mistress's Health in *Nantz* Brandy, from six in the Morning to the time he waddled on upon the Stage in the Evening, had toasted himself up to such a pitch of Vigour, I confess I once gave *Amanda* for gone, and am since (with all due respect to Mrs. Rogers) very sorry she escaped ; for I am confident a certain Lady (let no one take it to herself that is handsome) who highly blames the Play, for the Barrenness of the Conclusion, would then have allowed it a very natural Close.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by *Miss* CROSS.

LADIES, this Play in too much haste was writ,
 To be o'ercharg'd with either Plot or Wit;
 'Twas got, conceiv'd, and born in six Weeks Space,
 And Wit, you know, 's as slow in Growth—as Grace.
 Sure it can ne'er be ripen'd to your Taste;
 I doubt 'twill prove our Author bred too fast:
 For mark 'em well, who with the Muses marry,
 They rarely do conceive, but they miscarry,
 'Tis the hard Fate of those who are big with Rhyme,
 Still to be brought to bed before their Time.
 Of our late Poets, Nature few has made;
 The greatest part—are only so by Trade.
 Still want of something brings the scribbling Fit;
 For want of Money some of 'em have writ,
 And others do't, you see—for want of Wit.
 Honour, they fancy, summons 'em to write,
 So out they lug in resty Nature's spight,
 As some of you spruce Beaux do—when you fight.
 Yet let the Ebb of Wit be ne'er so low
 Some Glimpse of it a Man may hope to show,
 Upon a Theme so ample—as a Beau.
 So, howsoever true Courage may decay,
 Perhaps there's not one Smock Face here to-day,
 But's bold as Cæsar, to attack a Play.
 Nay, what's yet more, with an undaunted Face,
 To do the Thing with more heroic Grace,
 'Tis fix to four y' attack the strongest Place.
 You are such Hotspurs in this kind of Venture,
 Where there's no Breach, just there you needs must enter.
 But be advis'd—
 E'en give the Hero and the Critique o'er,
 For Nature sent you on another score;
 She form'd her Beau, for nothing but her Whore.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir <i>Novelty Fashion</i> , newly created	}	Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
Lord <i>Foppington</i> ,		Mr. <i>Kent</i> .
Young <i>Fashion</i> his Brother,		Mr. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Loveless</i> , Husband to <i>Amanda</i> ,		Mr. <i>Powel</i> .
<i>Worthy</i> , a Gentleman of the Town,		Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .
Sir <i>Tunbelly Clumsy</i> , a Country Gentleman,	}	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
Sir <i>John Friendly</i> , his Neighbour,		Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Coupler</i> , a Matchmaker,		Mr. <i>Simpson</i> .
<i>Bull</i> , Chaplain to Sir <i>Tunbelly</i> ,		Mr. <i>Haynes</i> .
<i>Syringe</i> , a Surgeon,		Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
<i>Lory</i> , Servant to young <i>Fashion</i> ,		
Shoe-maker, Taylor, Perriwig-maker. &c.		

W O M E N.

<i>Amanda</i> , Wife to <i>Loveless</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Berintbia</i> , her Cousin, a young Widow,	Mrs. <i>Verbruggen</i> .
<i>Miss Hoyden</i> , a great Fortune,	}
Daughter to Sir <i>Tunbelly</i> ,	
Nurse, her Governant,	Mrs. <i>Powel</i> .

THE

THE
R E L A P S E;
O R,
V I R T U E in D A N G E R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Loveless reading.

HOW true is that Philosophy which says
Our Heaven is seated in our Minds!
Thro' all the roving Pleasures of my Youth,
(Where Nights and Days seem all consum'd in Joy,
I never knew one Moment's Peace like this.
Here—in this little soft Retreat,
The raging Flame of wild destructive Lust
Reduc'd to a warm pleasing Fire of lawful Love,
My Life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter Amanda.

Lov. meeting } How does the happy Cause of my Con-
her kindly. } tent, my dear *Ananda*?

You find me musing on my happy State,
And full of grateful Thoughts to Heaven, and you.

Aman. Those grateful Offerings Heaven can't receive
With more Delight than I do :

Would I cou'd share with it as well

The Dispensations of its Bliss.

That I might search its choicest Favours out,
And shower 'em on your Head for ever.

Lov. The largest Boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant,
To Things it has decreed shall crawl on Earth,
Are in the Gift of Woman form'd like you.

The utmost Blessing that my Thought can reach,

[*Taking her in his Arms.*] Is folded in my Arms, and
rooted in my Heart.

Aman. There let it grow for ever.

Lov.

Lov. Well said, *Amanda*—let it be for ever—
Wou'd Heaven grant that—

Aman. 'Twere all the Heaven I'd ask. But—

Lov. But, what?

You cannot surely doubt my Constancy, *Amanda*?

You'll find 'tis built upon a steady Basis—

The Rock of Reason now supports my Love;

On which it stands so fix'd,

The rudest Hurricane of wild Desire

Wou'd like the Breath of a soft slumbering Babe,

Pass by, and never shake it.

Aman. Yet still 'tis safer to avoid the Storm;

The strongest Vessels, if they put to Sea,

May possibly be lost.

Wou'd I cou'd keep you here in this calm Port for ever.

Forgive the Weakness of a Woman,

I am uneasy at your going to stay so long in Town;

I know its false insinuating Pleasures;

I know the Force of its Delusions;

I know the Strength of its Attacks;

I know the weak Defence of Nature;

I know you are a Man—and I—a Wife.

Love. You know then all that needs to give you Rest,

For Wife's the strongest Claim that you can urge.

When you would plead your Title to my Heart,

On this you may depend; therefore be calm,

You know the Business is indispensable, that obliges

Me to go to *London*, and you have no Reason, that I

Know of, to believe that I'm glad of the Occasion:

But since, against my Will, I'm dragg'd once more

To that uneasy Theatre of Noise,

I am resolv'd to make such use on't,

As shall convince you 'tis an old cast Mistress,

Who has been so lavish of her Favours,

She's now grown Bankrupt of her Charms,

And has not one Allurement left to move me.

Aman. Her Bow, I do believe, is grown so weak

Her Arrows (at this distance) cannot hurt you,

But in approaching 'em you give 'em Strength:

The Dart that has not far to fly,

Will put the best of Armour to a dangerous Trial.

Lov. That Trial past, and y're at ease for ever;

Therefore to put a lasting Period to your Fears,

I am

I am resolv'd, this once, to launch into Temptation;
 My former boon Companions of the Bottle
 Shall fairly try what Charms are left in Wine:
 I'll take my Place amongst them,
 They shall hem me in,
 Sing Praises to their God, and drink his Glory;
 Turn wild Enthusiasts for his sake,
 And Beasts to do him Honour:
 Whilst I, a stubborn Atheist,
 Sullenly look on,
 Without one Reverend Glass to his Divinity.
 That for my Temperance,
 Then for my Constancy——

Aman. Ay, there take heed.

Lov. Indeed the Danger's small.

Aman. And yet my Fears are great.

Lov. Why are you so timorous?

Aman. Because you are so bold.

Lov. My Courage should disperse your Apprehensions.

Aman. My Apprehensions should alarm your Courage.

Lov. Fy, fy, *Amanda*, it is not kind thus to distrust me.

Aman. And yet my Fears are founded on my Love.

Lov. Your Love then is not founded as it ought;

For if you can believe 'tis possible

I shou'd again relapse to my past Follies,

I must appear to you a thing

Of such an undigested Composition,

That but to think of me with Inclination,

Wou'd be a Weakness in your Taste,

Your Virtue scarce cou'd answer.

Aman. 'Twou'd be a Weakness in my Tongue

My Prudence cou'd not answer,

If I shou'd press you farther with my Fears;

I'll therefore trouble you no longer with 'em.

Lov. Nor shall they trouble you much longer,

A little time shall shew you they were groundless;

This Winter shall be the fiery Trial of my Virtue.

Which, when it once has past,

You'll be convinc'd 'twas of no false Allay,

There all your Cares will end——

Aman. Pray Heaven they may. [*Exeunt Hand in Hand.*]

SCENE

S C E N E, *Whitehall,**Enter Young Fashion, and Lory.*

Y. Fash. **C**ome, pay the Waterman, and take the Portmantle.

Lory. Faith, Sir, I gave the Waterman the Portmantle, to pay himself.

Y. Fash. Why sure there's something left in't.

Lory. Not a Rag, upon my Honour, Sir.

Y. Fash. Why, what's become of the blue Coat, Sirrah?

Lory. Sir, 'twas eaten at *Gravesend*; the Reckoning came to thirty Shillings, and your Privy-Purse was worth but two Half Crowns.

Y. Fash. 'Tis very well.

Lory. So—Now, Sir, I hope you'll own yourself a happy Man, you have outliv'd all your Cares.

Y. Fash. How so, Sir?

Lory. Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Y. Fash. Yes, Sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

Lory. Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with some body else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

Y. Fash. Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply myself, I have at present so little Money, and so much Humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a Fool's Advice.

Lory. Why then, Sir, your Fool advises you to lay aside all Animosity, and apply to Sir *Novelty* your elder Brother.

Y. Fash. Damn my elder Brother.

Lory. With all my Heart; but get him to redeem your Annuity however.

Y. Fash. My Annuity! S'death, he's such a Dog, he would not give his Powder-Puff to redeem my Soul.

Lory. Look you, Sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Y. Fash. Look you, Sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

Lory. Why what will you do then?

Y. Fash. I'll go into the Army.

Lory. You can't take the Oaths; you are a Jacobite.

Y. Fash. Thou may'st as well say I can't take Orders because I'm an Atheist.

Lory.

Lory. Sir, I am very glad to find you have a Conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; I shall see you stand in damnable need of some auxiliary Guineas for your *Menu Plaisirs*; I will therefore turn Fool once more for your Service, and advise you to go directly to your Brother.

Y. Fash. Art thou then so impregnable a Blockhead, to believe he'll help me with a Farthing?

Lory. Not if you treat him, *De haut en bas*, as you use to do.

Y. Fash. Why, how wou'dst have me treat him?

Lory. Like a Trout, tickle him.

Y. Fash. I can't flatter——

Lory. Can you starve?

Y. Fash. Yes——

Lory. I can't; Good-by-t'ye, Sir.

[*Going.*]

Y. Fash. Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wou'dst thou have me to say to him?

Lory. Say nothing to him, apply yourself to his Favourites; speak to his Perriwig, his Cravat, his Feather, his Snuff-box, and when you are well with them—— desire him to lend you a Thousand Pounds. I'll engage you prosper.

Young Fash. S'death and Furies! Why was that Coxcomb thrust into the World before me? O Fortune—Fortune—Thou art a Bitch, by Gad——

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A dressing Room.*

Enter Lord Poppington in his Night-Gown.

Lord Pop. **P**AGE—— [Enter Page.]

Page. Sir.

Lord Pop. Sir, Pray, Sir, do me the Favour to teach your Tongue the Title the King has thought fit to honour me with.

Page. I ask your Lordship's Pardon, my Lord.

Lord Pop. O, you can pronounce the Word, then. I thought it would have choak'd you——D'ye hear?

Page. My Lord.

Lord Pop. Call *La Varole*, I wou'd dress—— [Exit Page.]

Solus.

Well, 'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to be a Man of Quality——

lity——Strike me dumb——my Lord——Your Lordship——My Lord *Foppington*——*Ah! c'est quelque chose de beau, que le Diable m'emporte——*

Why, the Ladies were ready to pewk at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir *Navelty* to recommend me to 'em——Sure, whilst I was but a Knight, I was a very nauseous Fellow——Well, 'tis Ten Thousand Pawnd well given——stap my Vitals——

Enter La Varole.

Me Lord, de Shoemaker, de Taylor, de Hofier, de Sempstrefs, de Peru, be all ready, if your Lordship please, to drefs.

Lord Fop. 'Tis well, admit 'em.

La Var. Hey, Messieurs, entrez.

Enter Taylor, &c.

Lord Fop. So, Gentlemen, I hope you have all taken Pains to shew yourselves Masters in your Professions.

Tayl. I think I may presume to say, Sir——

La. Var. My Lord——You Clawn you.

Tayl. Why, is he made a Lord——My Lord, I ask your Lordship's Pardon; my Lord, I hope, my Lord, your Lordship will please to own, I have brought your Lordship as accomplished a Suit of Clothes, as ever Peer of *England* trod the Stage in, my Lord: Will your Lordship please to try 'em now?

Lord Fop. Ay, but let my People dispose the Glasses so, that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all raund——

[*Whilst he puts on his Clothes, enter Young Fashion and Lory.*]

Young Fash. Hey-day, what the Devil have we here? Sure my Gentleman's grown a Favourite at Court, he has got so many People at his Levee.

Lo. Sir, these People come in order to make him a Favourite at Court, they are to establish him with the Ladies.

Young Fash. Good God! to what an Ebb of Taste are Women fallen, that it should be in the Power of a lac'd Coat to recommend a Gallant to 'em——

Lo. Sir, Taylors and Perriwig-makers are now become the Bawds of the Nation, 'tis they debauch all the Women.

Young Fash. Thou say'st true; for there's that Fop now, has not by Nature wherewithal to move a Cook-maid, and

and by that time these Fellows have done with him, I'gad he shall melt down a Countess——But now for my Reception, I engage it shall be as cold a one, as a Courtier's to his Friend, who comes to put him in Mind of his Promise.

Lord Fop. [*to his Taylor.*] Death and eternal Tartures ! Sir, I say the Packet's too high by a Foot.

Tayl. My Lord, if it had been an Inch lower, it would not have held your Lordship's Pocket-Handkerchief.

Lord Fop. Rat my Packet-Handkerchief ! Have not I a Page to carry it ? You may make him a Packet up to his Chin a Purpose for it ; but I will not have mine come so near my Face.

Tayl. 'Tis not for me to dispute your Lordship's Fancy.

Young Fash. to Lory] His Lordship ! *Lory*, did you observe that ?

Lo. Yes, Sir ; I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, You'll have a little more Respect for him.

Young Fash. Respect ! Damn him for a Coxcomb ; now has he ruined his Estate to buy a Title, that he may be a Fool of the first Rate : But let's accost him——*To Lord Fop.*] Brother, I'm your Humble Servant.

Lord Fop. O Lard, *Tam* ; I did not expect you in *England* : Brother, I am glad to see you——

Turning to his Taylor.] Look you, Sir ; I shall never be reconcil'd to this nauseous Packet ; therefore pray get me another Suit, with all manner of Expedition, for this is my eternal Aversion. *Mrs. Callicoe*, are not you of my Mind ?

Semp. O directly, my Lord, it can never be too low——

Lord Fop. You are passively in the right on't, for the Packet becomes no Part of the Body but the Knee.

Semp. I hope your Lordship is pleased with your Steenkirk.

Lord Fop. In love with it, slap my Vitals. Bring your Bill, you shall be paid To-morrow——

Semp. I humbly thank your Honour—— [*Exit Semp.*]

Lord Fop. Hark thee, Shoemaker, these Shoes an't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoe. My Lord, methinks they fit you very well.

Lord Fop. They hurt me just below the Instep.

Shoe. [*feeling his Foot.*] My Lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord Fop. I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

Shoe. My Lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hang'd, that's all.

Lord Fop. Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoe. Your Lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that Shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my Trade——

Lord Fop. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible Coxcomb; but thou makest good Shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoe. My Lord, I have work'd for half the People of Quality in Town these Twenty Years; and 'tis very hard I should not know when a Shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord Fop. Well, pr'ythee, begone about thy Business.

[Exit Shoe.]

[To the Hosiery.] *Mr. Mendlegs,* a Word with you; the Calves of the Stockings are thickened a little too much. They make my Legs look like a Chairman's——

Mend. My Lord, methinks they look mighty well.

Lord Fop. Ay, but you are not so good a Judge of those Things as I am; I have study'd them all my Life; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a Crown-piece less——[Aside] If the Town takes Notice my Legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the Violence of some new Intrigue.

[To the Periwig-maker.] Come, *Mr. Foretop*, let me see what you have done, and then the Fatigue of the Morning will be over.

Young Fash. Well, *Lory*, What do'st think on't? A very friendly Reception from a Brother after Three Years Absence!

Lor. Why, Sir, 'tis your own Fault; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love: if you would creep into his Heart, you must enter into his Pleasures—Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one Thing that belongs to him.

Young Fash. Nor never shall, while they belong to a Coxcomb.

Lor. Then, Sir, you must be content to pick a hungry Bone.

Young Fash. No, Sir, I'll crack it, and get to the Marrow before I have done. Now your People of Business are gone, Brother, I hope I may obtain a Quarter of an Hour's Audience of you.

Lord

Lord Fop. Faith, *Tam*, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I must away to the House of Lords immediately; my Lady *Teasor's* Case is to come on To-day, and I would not be absent for the Salvation of Mankind. Hey, *Page!* is the Coach at the Door?

Page. Yes, my Lord.

Lord Fop. You'll excuse me, Brother. [Going.

Young Fash. Shall you be back at Dinner?

Lord Fop. As Gad shall judge me; I can't tell; for 'tis passible I may dine with some of our House at *Lacker's*.

Young Fash. Shall I meet you there? For I must needs talk with you.

Lord Fop. That, I'm afraid, mayn't be so praper; for the Lords I commonly eat with, are a People of a nice Conversation; and you know, *Tam*, your Education has been a little at large: but if you'll stay here, you'll find a Family Dinner, Hey, Fellow! What is there for Dinner? There's Beef. I suppose my Brother will eat Beef. Dear *Tam*, I'm glad to see thee in *England*, stay my Vitals.

[Exit, with his Equipage.

Young Fash. Hell and Furies, is this to be borne?

Lor. Faith, Sir, I cou'd almost have given him a knock o'th' Pate myself.

Young Fash. 'Tis enough, I will now shew you the Excess of my Passion by being very calm: Come, *Lory*, lay your Loggerhead to mine, and in cool Blood let us contrive his Destruction.

Lor. Here comes a Head, Sir, would contrive it better than us both, if he would but join in the Confederacy.

Enter Coupler.

Young Fash. By this Light, old *Coupler* alive still! Why, how now, Match-maker, art thou here still to plague the World with Matrimony? You old Bawd, how have you the Impudence to be hobbling out of your Grave twenty Years after you are rotten?

Coup. When you begin to rot, Sirrah, you'll go off like a Pippin, one Winter will send you to the Devil. But, come, I'm still a Friend to thy Person, tho' I have a Contempt of thy Understanding; and therefore I would willingly know thy Condition, that I may see whether thou standest in need of my Assistance; for Widows swarm, my Boy, the Town's infected with 'em.

Young Fash. I stand in need of any Body's Assistance,

that will help me to cut my elder Brother's Throat, without the Risque of being hang'd for him.

Coup. I'gad, Sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a Turn, without the danger of being burnt in the Hand for't.

Young Fash. Say'st thou so, old Satan? Shew me but that, and my Soul is thine.

Coup. to Young Fash. Sir, you must know I have done you the Kindness to make up a Match for your Brother.

Young Fash. I'm very much beholden to you, truly.

Coup. You may be, Sirrah, before the Wedding-day yet; the Lady is a great Heiress, fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, and a great Bag of Money; the Match is concluded, the Writings are drawn, and the Pipkin's to be crack'd in a Fortnight—Now you must know, Stripling (with Respect to your Mother) your Brother's the Son of a Whore.

Young Fash. Good.

Coup. He has given me a Bond of a Thousand Pounds for helping him to this Fortune, and has promis'd me, as much more in ready Money upon the Day of Marriage; which, I understand by a Friend, he ne'er designs to pay me; if therefore you will be a generous young Dog, and secure me five Thousand Pounds, I'll be a covetous old Rogue, and help you to the Lady.

Young Fash. I'gad, if thou can'st bring this about, I'll have thy Statue cast in Brass. But don't you doat, you old Pander you, when you talk at this Rate?

Coup. That you shall judge of: This plump Partridge, that I tell you of, lives in the Country, fifty Miles off, with her honoured Parents, in a lonely old House, which no Body comes near; she never goes abroad, nor sees Company at Home: To prevent all Misfortunes, she has her Breeding within Doors, the Parson of the Parish teaches her to play on the Bass-Viol, the Clerk to sing, her Nurse to dress, and her Father to dance: In short, no Body can give you admittance there but I; nor can I do it any other way, than by making you pass for your Brother.

Young Fash. And how the Devil wilt thou do that?

Coup. Without the Devil's Aid, I warrant thee. Thy Brother's Face not one of the Family ever saw: the whole Business has been managed by me, and all the Letters go thro'

thro' my Hands: The last that was writ to Sir *Tunbely Clumsey* (for that's the old Gentleman's Name) was to tell him, his Lordship would be down in a Fortnight to consummate. Now you shall go away immediately, pretend you writ that Letter only to have the romantick Pleasure of surprizing your Mistress; fall desperately in Love, as soon as you see her; make that your Plea for marrying her immediately, and when the Fatigue of the Wedding-night's over, you shall send me a swinging Purse of Gold, you Dog you.

Young Fash. P'gad, old Dad, I'll put my Hand in thy Bosom now——

Coup. Well; I warrant thou hast not a Farthing of Money in thy Pocket now; no, one may see it in thy Face——

Young Fash. Not a Souse, by *Jupiter*.

Coup. Must. I advance then—Well, Sirrah, be at my Lodgings in half an Hour, and I'll see what may be done; we'll sign, and seal, and eat a Pullet, and when I have given thee some farther Instructions, thou sha't hoist Sail and be gone——[*Kissing*]——T'other Buss, and so adieu.

Young Fash. U'm, P'sha.

Coup. Ah, you young warm Dog, you; what a delicious Night will the Bride have on't. [Exit *Coupler*.]

Young Fash. So *Lory*; Providence, thou seest, at last, takes Care of Men of Merit: We are in a fair Way to be great People.

Lo. Ay, Sir, if the Devil don't step between the Cup and the Lip, as he uses to do.

Young Fash. Why, Faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd Trick to spoil my Fortune, and P'gad I'm almost afraid he's at Work about it again now; but if I should tell thee how, thou'dst wonder at me.

Lo. Indeed, Sir, I shou'd not.

Young Fash. How do'st know?

Lo. Because, Sir, I have wonder'd at you so often; I can wonder at you no more.

Young Fash. No! what would'st thou say, if a Qualm of Conscience should spoil my Design?

Lo. I wou'd eat my Words, and wonder more than ever.

Young Fash. Why, Faith, *Lory*, tho' I am a young Rake-hell, and have play'd many a roguish Trick; this

is so full-grown a Cheat, I find I must rake Pains to come up to't; I have Scruples——

Lo. They are strong Symptoms of Death; if you find they increase, pray, Sir, make your Will.

Young Fash. No, my Conscience shan't starve me neither. But thus far I'll hearken to it; before I execute this Project, I'll try my Brother to the Bottom, I'll speak to him with the Temper of a Philosopher, my Reasons (tho' they press him home) shall yet be clothed with so much Modesty, not one of all the Truths they urge, shall be so naked to offend his Sight: if he has yet so much Humanity about him, as to assist me (tho' with a moderate Aid) I'll drop my Project at his Feet, and shew him how I can do for him, much more than what I ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive Trial of him I resolve to make—

Succeed or no, still Victory's my Lot;

If I subdue his Heart, 'tis well; if not,

I shall subdue my Conscience to my Plot.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Loveless and Amanda.

Lov. **H**OW do you like these Lodgings, my Dear? For my Part, I am so well pleased with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay in Town, if you are satisfy'd.

Aman. I am satisfy'd with every Thing that pleases you: else I had not come to Town at all.

Lov. O! a little of the Noise and Bustle of the World sweetens the Pleasures of Retreat: We shall find the Charms of our Retirement doubled, when we return to it.

Aman. That pleasing Prospect will be my chiefest Entertainment, whilst, much against my Will, I am obliged to stand surrounded with these empty Pleasures, which 'tis so much the Fashion to be fond of.

Lov. I own most of them are indeed but empty; nay, so empty, that one would wonder by what Magick Power they act, when they induce us to be vicious for their Sakes, yet some there are we may speak kindlier of: There are Delights, of which a private Life is destitute, which may divert an honest Man, and be a harmless Entertainment

tainment to a virtuous Woman. The Conversation of the Town is one; and truly (with some small Allowances) the Plays, I think, may be esteemed another.

Aman. The Plays, I must confess, have some small Charms; and wou'd have more, wou'd they restrain that loose obscene Encouragement to Vice, which shocks, if not the Virtue of some Women, at least the Modesty of all.

Low. But till that Reformation can be made, I would not leave the wholesome Corn for some intruding Tares that grow among it. Doubtless the Moral of a well-wrought Scene is of prevailing Force—Last Night there happen'd one that mov'd me strangely.

Aman. Pray, what was that?

Low. Why 'twas about—but 'tis not worth repeating.

Aman. Yes, pray let me know it.

Low. No, I think 'tis as well let alone.

Aman. Nay, now you make me have a Mind to know.

Low. 'Twas a foolish thing: You'd perhaps grow jealous, shou'd I tell it you, tho' without a Cause, Heaven knows.

Aman. I shall begin to think I have Cause, if you persist in making it a Secret.

Low. I'll then convince you you have none, by making it no longer so. Know then, I happened in the Play to find my very Character, only with the Addition of a Relapse; which struck me so, I put a sudden Stop to a most harmless Entertainment, which till then diverted me between the Acts. 'Twas to admire the Workmanship of Nature, in the Face of a young Lady, that sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome——

Aman. So exquisitely handsome!

Low. Why do you repeat my Words, my Dear?

Aman. Because you seem'd to speak them with such Pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their Echo.

Low. Then you are alarm'd, *Amanda*?

Aman. It is my Duty to be so, when you are in Danger.

Low. You are too quick in apprehending for me; all will be well when you have heard me out. I do confess I gaz'd upon her, nay, eagerly I gaz'd upon her.

Aman. Eagerly! That's with Desire.

Low. No, I desired her not: I view'd her with a World of Admiration, but not one Glance of Love.

Aman. Take heed of trusting to such nice Distinctions.

Low.

Lov. I did take heed; for observing in the Play, that he who seem'd to represent me there, was, by an Accident like this, unwarily surprized into a Net, in which he lay a poor intangled Slave, and brought a Train of Mischiefs on his Head, I snatch'd my Eyes away; they pleaded hard for Leave to look again, but I grew absolute, and they obey'd.

Aman. Were they the only Things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your Place, my Tongue, I fancy, had been curious too: I shou'd have ask'd her Name, and where she liv'd (yet still without Design:)—Who was she, pray?

Lov. Indeed I cannot tell.

Aman. You will not tell.

Lov. By all that's sacred then, I did not ask.

Aman. Nor do you know what Company was with her?

Lov. I do not.

Aman. Then I am calm again.

Lov. Why, were you disturb'd?

Aman. Had I then no Cause?

Lov. None, certainly.

Aman. I thought I had.

Lov. But you thought wrong, *Amanda*: For turn the Case, and let it be your Story; should you come home, and tell me you had seen a handsome Man, shou'd I grow jealous because you had Eyes?

Aman. But should I tell you he were exquisitely so: that I had gaz'd on him with Admiration; that I had look'd with eager Eyes upon him; should you not think 'twere possible I might go one Step further, and enquire his Name?

Lov. [*aside.*] She has Reason on her Side, I have talk'd too much; but I must turn it off another Way. [*To Aman.*] Will you then make no Difference, *Amanda*, between the Language of our Sex and yours? There is a Modesty restrains your Tongues, which makes you speak by Halves when you commend; but roving Flattery gives a Loose to ours, which makes us still speak double what we think: You shou'd not therefore, in so strict a Sense, take what I said to her Advantage.

Aman. Those Flights of Flattery, Sir, are to our Faces only: When Women once are out of Hearing, you are as modest in your Commendations as we are. But I shan't

shan't put you to the Trouble of farther Excuses, if you please, this Business shall rest here. Only give me Leave to wish, both for your Peace and mine, that you may never meet this Miracle of Beauty more.

Low. I am content.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, there is a young Lady at the Door, in a Chair, desires to know whether your Ladyship sees Company. I think her Name is *Berinthia*.

Aman. O dear! 'tis a Relation I have not seen this five Years. Pray her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*

To Low.] Here's another Beauty for you. She was young when I saw her last; but I hear she's grown extremely handsome.

Low. Don't be jealous, now, for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter Berinthia.

Low. [*aside.*] Ha! By Heavens, the very Woman!

Ber. [*saluting Aman.*] Dear *Amanda*, I did not expect to meet with you in Town.

Aman. Sweet Cousin, I'm overjoy'd to see you, [*To Low.*] Mr. *Loweless*, here's a Relation and a Friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Low. [*saluting Ber.*] If my Wife never desires a harder thing, Madam, her Request will be easily granted.

Ber. [*to Aman.*] I think, Madam, I ought to wish you Joy.

Aman. Joy! Upon what?

Ber. Upon your Marriage: You were a Widow when I saw you last.

Low. You ought rather, Madam, to wish me Joy upon that, since I am the only Gainer.

Ber. If she has got so good a Husband as the World reports, she has gain'd enough to expect the Compliment of her Friends upon it.

Low. If the World is so favourable to me, to allow I deserve that Title, I hope 'tis so just to my Wife, to own I derive it from her.

Ber. Sir, it is so just to you both, to own you are, and deserve to be, the happiest Pair that live in it.

Low. I'm afraid we shall lose that Character, Madam, whenever you happen to change your Condition.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord *Foppington* presents his humble Service

vice to you, and desires to know how you do. He but just now heard you were in Town. He's at the next Door; and if it be not inconvenient, he'll come and wait upon you.

Low. Lord Foppington!—I know him not.

Ber. Not his Dignity, perhaps, but you do his Person. 'Tis Sir Novelty; he has bought a Barony, in order to marry a great Fortune: His Patent has not been pass'd above eight and forty Hours, and he has already sent How do-ye's to all the Town, to make them acquainted with his Title.

Low. Give my Service to his Lordship, and let him know, I am proud of the Honour he intends me. [*Ex. Ber.* Sure this Addition of Quality must have so improved this Coxcomb, he can't but be very good Company for a Quarter of an Hour.

Aman. Now it moves my Pity more than my Mirth, to see a Man whom Nature has made no Fool, be so very industrious to pass for an Ass.

Low. No, there you are wrong, *Amanda*; you shou'd never bestow your Pity upon those who take Pains for your Contempt, pity those whom Nature abuses, but never those who abuse Nature.

Enter Lord Foppington.

Lord Fop. [*to Low.*] Sir, I am your most humble Servant.

Low. I wish you Joy, my Lord.

Lord Fop. O Laird, Sir——Madam, your Ladyship's welcome to Tawn.

Aman. I wish your Lordship Joy.

Lord Fop. O Heavens, Madam——

Low. My Lord, this young Lady is a Relation of my Wife's.

Lord Fop. [*saluting ber.*] The beautifullest Race of People upon Earth, Rat me. Dear *Loveless*, I am overjoy'd to see you have brought your Family to Tawn again: I am, stop my Vitals—— [*Aside.*] For I design to lie with your Wife. [*To Aman.*] Far Gad's sake, Madam, how has your Ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the Fatigue of a Country Life?

Aman. My Life has been very far from that, my Lord, it has been a very quiet one.

Lord Fop. Why that's the Fatigue I speak of, Madam:

For

For 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking: Now thinking is to me the greatest Fatigue in the World.

Aman. Does not your Lordship love reading then?

Lord Fop. Oh, passionately, Madam——But I never think of what I read.

Ber. Why; can your Lordship read without thinking?

Lord Fop. O Lord——Can your Ladyship pray without Devotion——Madam?

Aman. Well, I must own I think Books the best Entertainment in the World.

Lord Fop. I am so much of your Ladyship's Mind, Madam, that I have a private Gallery, where I walk sometimes; is furnished with nothing but Books and Looking-glasses. Madam, I have gilded them, and ranged them so prettily, before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the World to walk and look upon them.

Aman. Nay, I love a neat Library too; but 'tis, I think, the Inside of a Book shou'd recommend it most to us.

Lord Fop. That, I must confess, I am not altogether so fond of. Far to my Mind the Inside of a Book, is to entertain one's self with the forc'd Product of another Man's Brain. Now I think a Man of Quality and Breeding may be much diverted with the natural Sprouts of his own. But to say the Truth, Madam, let a Man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know this Tawn, he finds so many better Ways of passing away the Four and twenty Hours, that 'twere ten Thousand Pities he should consume his Time in that. Far Example, Madam, my Life; my Life, Madam, is a perpetual Stream of Pleasure, that glides thro' with such a Variety of Entertainments, I believe the wisest of our Ancestors never had the least Conception of any of'em

I rise, Madam, about ten o'Clock. I don't rise sooner, because 'tis the worst thing in the World for the Complexion; nat that I pretend to be a Beau; but a Man must endeavour to look wholesome, lest he makes so nauseous a Figure in the Side-bax, the Ladies shou'd be compelled to turn their Eyes upon the Play. So at Ten o'Clock, I say, I rise. Naw, if I find it a good Day, I resolve to take a Turn in the Park, and see the fine Women; so huddle on my Clothes, and get dress'd by One. If it be nasty Weather, I take a Turn in the Chocolate-house;

house; where, as you walk, Madam, you have the prettiest Prospect in the World: you have Looking-Glasses all round you——But I'm afraid I tire the Company.

Ber. Not at all, pray go on.

Lord Fop. Why then, Ladies, from thence I go to Dinner at *Locket's*, and there you are so nicely and delicately serv'd, that, stop my Vitals, they can compose you a Dish, no bigger than a Saucer, shall come to fifty Shillings; between eating my Dinner, and washing my Mouth, Ladies, I spend my time, till I go to the Play, where, till Nine o'Clock, I enertain myself with looking upon the Company; and usually dispose of one Hour more in leading them out. So there's Twelve of the Four and Twenty pretty well over. The other Twelve, Madam, are disposed of in two Articles: In the first Four I toast myself drunk, and in t'other Eight I sleep myself sober again. Thus, Ladies, you see my Life is an eternal round O of Delights.

Low. 'Tis a heavenly one, indeed.

Aman. But, my Lord, you *Beaux* spend a great deal of your Time in Intrigues. You have given us no Account of them yet.

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] So, she wou'd enquire into my Amours——That's Jealousy——She begins to be in love with me. [*To Aman.*] Why, Madam——as to Time for my Intrigues, I usually make Detachments of it from my other Pleasures, according to the Exigency. For your Ladyship may please to take Notice, that those who intrigue with Women of Quality, have rarely occasion for above half an Hour at a Time: People of that Rank being under those Decorums, they can seldom give you a larger View, than will just serve to shoot 'em flying. So that the Course of my other Pleasures is not very much interrupted by my Amours.

Low. But your Lordship now is become a Pillar of the State; you must attend the weighty Affairs of the Nation.

Lord Fop. Sir——as to weighty Affairs——I leave them to weighty Heads. I never intend mine shall be a Burden to my Body.

Low. O but you'll find the House will expect your Attendance.

Lord

Lord Fop. Sir, you'll find the House will compound for my Appearance.

Lov. But your Friends will take it ill if you don't attend their particular Causes.

Lord Fop. Not, Sir, if I come time enough to give 'em my particular Vote.

Ber. But pray, my Lord, how do you dispose of your self on *Sundays*? for that, methinks, shou'd hang wretchedly on your Hands.

Lord Fop. Why faith, Madam—*Sunday*—
is a vile Day, I must confess; I intend to move for leave to bring in a Bill, That Players may work upon it, as well as the *Huckney Coaches*. Tho' this I must say for the Government, it leaves us the Churches to entertain us—But then again, they begin so abominably early, a Man must rise by Candle-light to get dress'd by the Psalm.

Ber. Pray which Church does your Lordship most oblige with your Presence?

Lord Fop. Oh, *St. James's*, Madam—There's much the best Company.

Aman. Is there good Preaching too?

Lord Fop. Why faith, Madam—I can't tell. A Man must have very little to do there, that can give an Account of the Sermon.

Ber. You can give us an Account of the Ladies, at least.

Lord Fop. Or I deserve to be excommunicated—There is my Lady *Tattle*, my Lady *Prate*, my Lady *Titter*, my Lady *Leer*, my Lady *Giggle*, and my Lady *Grin*: These sit in the Front of the Boxes, and all Church-time are the prettiest Company in the World, flap my Vitals.

[*To Aman.*] May we hope for the Honour to see your Ladyship added to our Society, Madam?

Aman. Alas, my Lord, I am the worst Company in the World at Church: I'm apt to mind the Prayers, or the Sermon, or—

Lord Fop. One is indeed strangely apt at Church to mind what one should not do. But I hope, Madam, at one time or other, I shall have the Honour to lead your Ladyship to your Coach there. [*Aside.*] Methinks she seems strangely pleas'd with every thing I say to her—'Tis a vast Pleasure to receive Encouragement from a Woman before her Husband's Face—I have a good mind to

pursue my Conquest, and speak the thing plainly to her at once—I gad I'll do't, and that in so Cavalier a manner, she shall be surpriz'd at it—Ladies, I'll take my Leave: I'm afraid I begin to grow troublesome with the length of my Visit.

Aman. Your Lordship is too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

Lord Fop. [aside] That now was as much as if she had said—Pray lie with me. I'll let her see I'm quick of Apprehension. [To *Aman.*] O Lord, Madam, I had like to have forgot a Secret, I must needs tell your Ladyship. [To *Lord.*] Ned, you must not be so jealous now as to listen.

Lord. Not I, my Lord; I'm too fashionable a Husband to pry into the Secrets of my Wife.

Lord Fop. [to *Aman.* *squeezing her Hand*]. I am in love with you to Desperation, strike me speechless.

Aman. [giving him a Box o' th' Ear]. Then thus I return your Passion—An impudent Fool!

Lord Fop. Gad's Curse, Madam, I'm a Peer of the Realm.

Lord. Hey, what the Devil do you affront my Wife, Sir? Nay then— [They draw and Fight. The Women run shrieking for Help.]

Aman. Ah! What has my Polly done? Help! Murder, help! Part 'em for Heaven's sake.

Lord Fop. [falling back, and leaning upon his Sword.] Ah—quite thro' the Body—Stap my Vitals.

Enter Servants.

Lord. [running to him.] I hope I have kill'd the Fool however—Bear him up! Where's your Wound?

Lord Fop. Just thro' the Guts.

Lord. Call a Surgeon there: Unbutton him quickly.

Lord Fop. Ay, pray make haste.

Lord. This Mischief you may thank yourself for.

Lord Fop. I may so—Love's the Devil indeed, Ned.

Enter Syringe and Servant.

Serv. Here's Mr. Syringe, Sir, was just going by the Door.

Lord Fop. He's the welcomest Man alive.

Syr. Stand by, stand by, stand by? Pray, Gentlemen, stand by, Lord have Mercy upon us: Did you never see a Man run thro' the Body before? Pray stand by.

Lord Fop. Ah, Mr. Syringe—I'm a dead Man.

Syr.

Syr. A dead Man and I by—I shou'd laugh to see that, I gad.

Low. Pr'ythee don't stand prating, but look upon his Wound.

Syr. Why, what if I won't look upon his Wound this Hour, Sir.

Low. Why then he'll bleed to Death, Sir.

Syr. Why then I'll fetch him to life again, Sir.

Low. 'Slife, he's run thro' the Guts, I tell thee.

Syr. Would he were run thro' the Heart, I shou'd get the more Credit by his Cure. Now I hope you are satisfy'd?—Come, now let me come at him; now let me come at him. [*Viewing his Wound.*] Oons, what a Gash is here!—Why, Sir, a Man may drive a Coach and Six Horses into your Body.

Lord Fop. Ho!

Syr. Why, what the Devil have you run the Gentleman thro' with a Scythe?—*Aside.* A little Prick between the Skin and the Ribs, that's all.

Low. Let me see his Wound.

Syr. Then you shall dress it, Sir; for if any body looks upon it, I won't.

Low. Why, thou art the veriest Coxcomb I ever saw.

Syr. Sir, I am not Master of my Trade for nothing.

Lord Fop. Surgeon!

Syr. Well, Sir.

Lord Fop. Is there any Hopes?

Syr. Hopes!—I can't tell—What are you willing to give for your Cure?

Lord Fop. Five hundred Pounds with Pleasure.

Lyr. Why then perhaps there may be Hopes. But we must avoid further Delay. Here, help the Gentleman into a Chair, and carry him to my House presently, that's the properst place. *Aside.* to bubble him out of his Money. Come, a Chair, a Chair quickly—there, in with him. [*They put him into a Chair.*]

Lord Fop. Dear Loveless—Adieu. If I die—I forgive thee; and if I live—I hope thou wilt do as much by me. I am very sorry you and I shou'd quarrel; but I hope here's an end on't, for if you are satisfy'd—I am.

Low. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any further, so you may be at rest, Sir.

Lord Fop. Thou art a generous Fellow, strike me dumb.
[*Aside.*] But thou hast an impertinent Wife, slap my Vitals.

Syr. So, carry him off, carry him off; we shall have him prate himself into a Fever by and by; carry him off.

[*Ex. Serv. with L. Fop.*]

Aman. Now on my Knees, my Dear, let me ask your pardon for my Indiscretion, my own I never shall obtain.

Lov. Oh There's no harm done; You serv'd him well.

Aman. He did indeed deserve it. But I tremble to think how dear my indirect Resentment might have cost you.

Lov. O no matter, never trouble yourself about that.

[*Enter Worthy.*]

Wor. Save you, save you, good People; I'm glad to find you all alive; I met a wounded Peer carrying off: For Heaven's sake what was the matter?

Lov. O a Trifle: He would have lain with my Wife before my Face, so she oblig'd him with a Box o' the Ear, and I run him thro' the Body. That was all.

Wor. Bagatelle on all sides. But, pray, Madam, how long has this noble Lord been an humble Servant of Yours?

Aman. This is the first I have heard on't. So I suppose 'tis his Quality, more than his Love, has brought him into this Adventure. He thinks his Title an authentick Passport to every Woman's Heart, below the Degree of a Peeress.

Wor. He's Coxcomb enough to think any thing. But I wou'd not have you brought into Trouble for him: I hope there's no Danger of his Life.

Lov. None at all. He's fallen into the Hands of a roguish Surgeon, who I perceive designs to frighten a little Money out of him. But I saw his Wound, 'tis nothing; he may go the Play to-night, if he pleases.

Wor. I'm glad you have corrected him without farther Mischief. And now, Sir, if these Ladies have no farther Service for you, you'll oblige me if you can go to the Place I spoke to you of to-morrow Day.

Lov. With all my Heart. [*Aside.*] I no I could wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that Creature. Good Gods! How beautiful she is! But what have I do with Beauty? I have already had my Por-

tion,

tion, and must not covet more. Come, Sir, when you please.

[To Wor.]

Wor. Ladies, your Servant.

Aman. Mr. Loveless, pray one Word with you before you go.

Lov. to Wor.] I'll overtake you, Sir: What wou'd my Dear?

[Exit Wor.]

Aman. Only a Woman's foolish Question, How do you like my Cousin here?

Lov. Jealous already, Amanda?

Aman. Not at all, I ask you for another Reason.

Lov. Aside.] Whate'er her Reason be, I must not tell her true. [To Aman.] Why, I confess she's handsome. But you must not think I slight your Kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the Women who may claim that Character, she is the last wou'd triumph in my Heart,

Aman. I'm satisfy'd.

Lov. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Aman. At Night I will. Adieu.

Lov. I'm yours; [kissing her.]

[Exit. Lov.]

Aman. [aside.] I'm glad to find he does not like her; for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me. [To Ber.] Now, dear Berinthia, let me enquire a little into your Affairs: for I do assure you, I am enough your Friend, to interest myself in every thing that concerns you.

Ber. You formerly have given me such Proofs on't, I shou'd be very much to blame to doubt it; I am sorry I have no Secrets to trust you with, that I might convince you how entire a Confidence I durst repose in you.

Aman. Why is it possible, that one so young and beautiful as you, shou'd live and have no Secrets?

Ber. What Secrets do you mean?

Aman. Lovers.

Ber. O Twenty; but not one secret one amongst 'em, Lovers in this Age have too much Honour to do any thing under-hand; they do all above-board.

Aman. But pray thee, Berinthia, instruct me a little farther; for I am so great a Novice, I'm almost ashamed on't, My Husband's leaving me whilst I was young and fond, threw me into that Depth of Discontent, that ever since I have led so private and reclusé a Life, my Ignorance is scarce conceivable. I therefore fain would be

instructed:

instigated : Not, Heaven knows, that what you call Intrigues have any Charms for me : The practick Part of all unlawful Love is—

Ber. O 'tis abominable : But for the Speculative ; that we must all confess is entertaining. The Conversation of all the virtuous Women in the Town turns upon that and new Clothes.

Aman. Pray be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with a World of Innocency I wou'd enquire, Whether you think those Women we call Women of Reputation, do really 'scape all other Men, as they do those Shadows of 'em, the Beaux.

Ber. O no, *Amanda* ; there are a sort of Men make dreadful Work amongst 'em I Men that may be call'd, The Beaux Antipathy ; for they agree in nothing but walking upon two Legs.

These have Brains : The Beau has none. These are in Love with their Mistresses : The Beau with himself.

They take care of her Reputation : He's industrious to destroy it.

They are decent : He's a Fop.

They are Men : He's an Ass.

Aman. If this be their Character, I fancy we had here e'en now a Pattern of 'em both.

Ber. His Lordship and Mr. *Worthy*.

Aman. The same.

Ber. As for the Lord, he's eminently so : And for the other, I can assure you, there's not a Man in Town who has a better Interest with the Women, than are worth having an Interest with. But 'tis all private.

Aman. He answers then the Opinion I had ever of him. Heavens ! What a difference there is between a Man like 'im, and that vain nauseous Fop, Sir *Nobility*. [*Taking her Hand.*] I must acquaint you with a Secret, Cousin, 'Tis not that Fool alone has talk'd to me of Love, *Worthy* has been tampering too. 'Tis true, he has done it in vain : Not all his Charms or Art have power to shake me. My Love, my Duty, and my Virtue, are such faithful Guards, I need not fear my Heart should e'er betray me. But what I wonder at is this : I find I did not start at his Proposal, as when it came from one whom I contemn'd. I therefore mention this Attempt, that I may learn from you

you whence it proceeds; that Vice, which cannot change its Nature, shou'd so far change at least its Shape, as that the self-same Crime propos'd from one shall seem a Monster gaping at your Ruin, when from another it shall look so kind, as tho' it were your Friend, and never meant to harm you. Whence think you, can this Difference proceed? For 'tis not Love, Heaven knows.

Ber. O no; I wou'd not for the World believe it were. But possibly, shou'd there a dreadful Sentence pass upon you, to undergo the Rage of both their Passions; the Pain you apprehend from one might seem so trivial to the other, the Danger wou'd not quite so much alarm you.

Aman. By, fy, *Berinthia*, you wou'd indeed alarm me, cou'd you incline me to a Thought, that all the Merit of Mankind combined, cou'd shake that tender Love I bear my Husband: No, he sits triumphant in my Heart, and nothing can dethrone him.

Ber. Were I that thing they call a slighted Wife, some Body shou'd run the risque of being that thing they call— a Husband.

Aman. O fy, *Berinthia*, no Revenge shou'd ever be taken against a Husband: But to wrong his Bed is a Vengeance, which of all Vengeance—

Ber. Is the sweetest; ha, ha, ha. Don't I talk madly.

Aman. Madly indeed.

Ber. Yet I'm very innocent!

Aman. That I dare swear you are. I know how to make Allowances for your Humour: You were always very entertaining Company; but I find since Marriage and Widowhood have shewn you the World a little, you are very much improv'd.

Ber. Alack a day, there has gone more than that to improve me, if she knew all.

Aman. For Heaven's sake, *Berinthia*, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me.

Ber. Why, one way in the World there is—and but one.

Aman. Pray which is that?

Ber. It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Aman. If that be all, you shall e'en lie here to-night.

Ber. To-night?

Aman. Yes, to-night.

Ber.

Ber. Why, the People where I lodge will think me mad.

Aman. Let 'em think what they please.

Ber. Say you so, *Amanda*? Why then they shall think what they please: For I'm a young Widow, and I care not what any body thinks. Ah, *Amanda*, it's a delicious thing to be a young Widow.

Aman. You'll hardly make me think so.

Ber. Phu, because you are in love with your Husband: but that is not every Woman's Case.

Aman. I hope 'twas yours at least.

Ber. Mine, say ye? Now I have a great mind to tell you a Lye, but I shou'd do it so aukwardly, you'd find me out.

Aman. Then e'en speak the Truth.

Ber. Shall I?—Then after all, I did love him, *Amanda*—as a Nun does Penance.

Aman. Why did not you refuse to marry him then?

Ber. Because my Mother wou'd have whipt me.

Aman. How did you live together?

Ber. Like Man and Wife, alunder;

He lov'd the Country, I the Town.

He Hawks and Hounds, I Coaches and Equipage.

He Eating and Drinking, I Carding and Playing.

He the Sound of a Horn, I the Squeak of a Fiddle.

We were dull Company at Table, worse a-bed.

Whenever we met, we gave one another the Spleen.

And never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Aman. But tell me one thing truly and sincerely.

Notwithstanding all these Jars, did not his Death at last extremely trouble you?

Ber. O yes; I was forced to wear a beauly Widow's Band a Twelvemonth for't.

Aman. Women, I find, have different Inclinations.

Ber. Women, I find, keep different Company. When your Husband ran away from you, if you had fallen into some of my Acquaintance, 'twou'd have sav'd you many a Tear. But you go and live with a Grandmother, a Bishop, and an old Nurse, which was enough to make any Woman break her Heart for her Husband. Pray, *Amanda*, if ever you are a Widow again, keep yourself so as I do.

Aman. Why, do you then resolve you'll never marry?

Ber. O no? I resolve I will.

Aman.

Aman. How so?

Ber. That I never may.

Aman. You banter me.

Ber. Indeed I don't. But I consider *Pha* a Woman, and form my Resolutions accordingly.

Aman. Well, my Opinion is, form what Resolution you will, Matrimony will be the end on't.

Ber. Faith it won't.

Aman. How do you know?

Ber. I'm sure on't.

Aman. Why, do you think 'tis impossible for you to fall in love?

Ber. No.

Aman. Nay, but to grow so passionately fond, that nothing but the Man you love can give you rest.

Ber. Well, what then?

Aman. Why, then you'll marry him.

Ber. How do you know that?

Aman. Why, what can you do else?

Ber. Nothing—but sit and cry.

Aman. Psha.

Ber. Ah, poor *Amanda*, you have led a Country Life: But if you'll consult the Widows of this Town they'll tell you, you shoud never take a Lease of a House, you can hire for a Quarter's Warning.

Exit.

ACT III.

Enter Lord Foppington and Servant.

Lord Fop. **H**Y, Fellow, let the Coach come to the Door.

Serv. Will your Lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the Weather?

Lord Fop. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can, to expose myself to the Ladies.

Serv. I wish your Lordship wou'd please to keep House a little longer; I'm afraid your Honour does not well consider your Wound.

Lord Fop. My Wound!—I wou'd not be in Eclipse another Day, tho' I had as many Wounds in my Guts as I have had in my Heart.

Enter

Enter Young Fashion.

Young Fash. Brother, your Servant. How do you find yourself to-day?

Lord Fop. So well, that I have order'd my Coach to the Door. So there's no great Danger of Death this baut, Tam.

Young Fash. I'm very glad of it.

Lord Fop. [aside.] That I believe's a Lye. Pr'ythee Tam, tell me one thing; Did not your Heart cut a Caper up to your Mauth, when you heard I was run thro' the Body?

Young Fash. Why do you think it shou'd?

Lord Fop. Because I remember mine did so, when I heard my Father was shot thro' the Head.

Young Fash. It then did very ill.

Lord Fop. Pr'ythee, why so?

Young Fash. Because he us'd you very well.

Lord Fop. Well?—naw strike me dumb, he starv'd me. He has let me want a Thousand Women for want of a Thousand Pound.

Young Fash. Then he hindred you from making a great many ill Bargains; for I think no Woman is worth Money, that will take Money.

Lord Fop. If I were a younger Brother, I shou'd think so too.

Young Fash. Why, is it possible you can value a Woman that's to be bought?

Lord Fop. Pr'ythee, why not as well as a Pad-Nag?

Young Fash. Because a Woman has a Heart to dispose of; a Horse has none.

Lord Fop. Look you, Tam, of all things that belong to a Woman, I have an Averſion to her Heart; For when once a Woman has given you her Heart, you can never get rid of the rest of her Body.

Young Fash. This is strange Doctrine: But pray in your Amours, how is it with your own Heart?

Lord Fop. Why, my Heart in my Amours, is like—my Heart out of my Amours, is a Watch. My Body, Tam, is a Watch, and my Heart is the Pendulum to it; whilst the Finger runs round to every Hour in the Circle, that still beats the ſame time.

Young Fash. Then you are ſeldom much in love.

Lord Fop. Never. Stap my Vitals.

Young

Young Fash. Why then did you make all this Bustle about *Amanda*, *Brother*?

Lord Fop. Because she was a Woman of an insolent Virtue, and I thought myself piqued in Honour to debauch her.

Young Fash. Very well. [*Aside.*] Here's a rare Fellow for you, to have the spending of Five Thousand Pounds a year. But now for my Business with him.

Lord Fop. *Brother*, tho' I know to talk of Business (especially of Money) is a Theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the Ladies, my Necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

Lord Fop. The greatness of your Necessities, *Tam*, is the worst Argument in the World for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good Speech, but, strike me dumb, it has the worst beginning of any Speech I have heard this Twelvemonth.

Young Fash. I'm very sorry you think so.

Lord Fop. I do believe thou art. But come, let's know thy Affair quickly; for 'tis a new Play, and I shall be so ruffled and squeezed with pressing thro' the Crowd, to get to my Servant, the Women will think I have lain all Night in my Clothes.

Young Fash. Why then (that I may not be the Author of so great a Misfortune) my Case in a Word is this. The necessary Expences of my Travels have so much exceeded the wretched Income of my Annuity, that I have been forced to mortgage it for Five Hundred Pounds, which is spent; so that unless you are so kind to assist me in redeeming it, I know no Remedy but to take a Purse.

Lord Fop. Why, Faith, I am—to give you my Sense of the thing, I do think taking a Purse the best Remedy in the World; for if you succeed, you are reliev'd that way; if you are taken—you are reliev'd t'other.

Young Fash. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a Humour, I hope I shall find the Effects on't.

Lord Fop. Why do you then really think it a reasonable thing I should give you Five Hundred Pounds?

Young Fash. I do not ask it as a Due, *Brother*, I am willing to receive it as a Favour.

Lord Fop. Thou art willing to receive it any how, strike me speedily. But these are dam'd times to give Money in: Taxes are so great, Repairs so exorbitant, Tenants

Tenants, such Rogues, and Periwigs so dear, that the Devil take me, I am reduc'd to that extremity in my Cash, I have been forc'd to retrench in that one Article of sweet Powder, till I have brought it down to Five Guineas a Manth. Now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you Five hundred Pounds?

Young Fash. If you can't, I must starve, that's all.

Lord Fop. All I can say is, you should have been a better Husband.

Young Fash. Oons, if you can't live upon five thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

Lord Fop. Don't be in a Passion, Tam; for Passion is the most unbecoming thing in the World — to the Face. Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you melancholly; but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a Running Horse does require more Attendance, than a Coach Horse. Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and I.

Young Fash. Very she has made you older. [Aside.] Pox take her!

Lord Fop. That is not all, Tam.

Young Fash. Why what is there else?

Lord Fop. [looking first upon himself, then upon his Brother.] — Ask the Ladies.

Young Fash. Why, thou Essence Bottle, thou Musk-Cat, dost thou then think thou hast any Advantage over me, but what Fortune has given thee?

Lord Fop. I do — flap my Vitals.

Young Fash. Now, by all that's great and powerful, thou art the Prince of Coxcombs.

Lord Fop. Sir — I am proud of being at the Head of so prevailing a Party.

Young Fash. Will nothing then provoke thee? — Draw, Coward.

Lord Fop. Look you, Tam, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull Fellow, and here is one of the foolishest Plats broke out, that I have seen a long time. Your Poverty makes your Life so burdensome to you, you would provoke me to a Quarrel, in hopes either to slip thro' my Lungs into my Estate, or to get yourself run thro' the Guts, to put an end to your Pain. But I will disappoint you in both your Designs; far with-
che

the Temper of a Philosopher, and the Discretion of a Statesman—I will go to the Play with my Sword in my Scabbard.

[Exit Lord Pop.

Young Fash. So! Farewel, Shuff-Box. And now, Conscience, I defy thee. *Lory?*

Enter Lory.

Lo. Sir.

Young Fash. Here's rare News, *Lory*; his Lordship has given me a Pill has purg'd off all my Scruples.

Lo. Then my Heart's at ease again: For I have been in a lamentable Bright, Sir, ever since your Conscience had the Impudence to intrude into your Company.

Young Fash. Be at peace, it will come there no more: My Brother has given it a wring by the Nose, and I have kick'd it down Stairs. So run away to the Inn; get the Horses ready quickly, and bring them to old Coupler's, without a Moment's Delay.

Lo. Then, Sir, you are going straight about the Fortune.

Young Fash. I am: away; fly, *Lory.*

Lo. The happiest Day I ever saw. I'm upon the Wing already.

[Exit several ways.]

SCENE, a Garden.

Enter Loveless and Servant.

Love. **I** S my Wife within?

Serv. No, Sir, she has been gone out this half Hour.

Love. 'Tis well; leave me.

Solus.

Well, what my Stars will do with me, I know not,

But at every Glance this Woman gives me,

I find the whole Man in an uproar—

That my Wife should pick out her of all

Woman-kind for her Play-fellow—

But what Fate does, let Fate answer for,

I sought it not—Look here she comes.

Enter Berinthia.

Nay, then take heed, my Heart, for there are Dangers towards.

Ber. What makes you look so thoughtful, Sir? I hope you are not ill.

D

Love.

Low. I was debating Madam, whether I was to or not; and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Ber. Is it then so hard a matter to decide? I have thought all People had been acquainted with their own Bodies, tho' few People know their own Minds.

Low. What if the Distemper, I suspect, be in the Mind?

Ber. Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a Cure.

Low. Alas, you undertake you know not what you do.

Ber. So far at least then allow me to be a Physician.

Low. Nay, I'll allow you so far farther. For I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your Hands, you would increase my Distemper.

Ber. Perhaps I might have Reasons from the College not to be too quick in your Cure; but 'tis possible I might find ways to give you often Ease, Sir.

Low. Were I but sure of that, I'd quickly lay my Case before you.

Ber. Whether you are sure of it or no, what Risk do you run in trying?

Low. O, a very great one.

Ber. How?

Low. You might betray my Distemper to my Wife.

Ber. And so lose all my Practice.

Low. Will you then keep my Secret?

Ber. I will, if it don't hurt me.

Low. Swear.

Ber. I do.

Low. By what?

Ber. By Woman.

Low. That's swearing by my Deity. Do it by your own, or I shan't believe you.

Ber. By Man then.

Low. I'm satisfy'd. Now hear my Symptoms, and give me your Advice. The first were these:

When 'twas my Chance to see you at the Play,
A random Glance you threw, at first alarm'd me;

I could not turn my Eyes from whence the Danger came:
I gaz'd upon you, till you shot again,

And then my Fears came on me;
My Heart began to pant, my Limbs to tremble,

My Blood grew thin, my Pulse beat quick;
My Eyes grew hot and dim, and all the Frame of Nature

Shook with Apprehension.

Bar. *[breaking from him.]* O Lord, let me go. 'Tis the Plague, and we shall all be infected.
Low. *[catching her in his Arms, and kissing her.]* Then we'll die together, my charming Angel.
Bar. O God, the Devil's in you.
 Lord, let me go, here's some body coming.
Enter Servant.
Serv. Sir, my Lady's come home, and desires to speak with you; She's in her Chamber.
Low. Tell her I'm coming.
To Bar. But before I go, one Glass of Nectar more to drink her Health.
Bar. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by Heavens.
Low. *[kissing her.]* In Matters of Love, a Woman's Oath is no more to be minded than a Man's.
Bar. Um—
Enter Worthy.
Wor. Ha! What's here? my old Mistress, and so close, I faith! I would not spoil her Sport for the Universe.
Bar. O God—Now do I pray to Heaven, *[Exit Loveless running.]* with all my Heart and Soul, that the Devil in Hell may take me, if ever—I was better pleas'd in my Life—This Man has bewitch'd me, that's certain. *[Sighing.]* Well, I am condemn'd, but Thanks to Heaven, I feel myself each Moment more and more prepar'd for my Execution. Nay, to that degree, I don't

perceive I have the least fear of Dying. No, I find, let the Executioner be but a Man, and there's nothing will suffer with more Resolution than a Woman.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. [Aside.] This Discovery's a lucky one, I hope to make a happy life on't. That Gentlewoman there is no Fool; so I shall be able to make her understand her Interest. *[To Ber.]* Your Seryant, Madam, I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a Colour.

Ber. No better than I us'd to have, I suppose.

Wor. A little more Blood in your Cheeks.

Ber. The Weather's hot.

Wor. If it were not, a Woman may have a Colour.

Ber. What do you mean by that?

Wor. Nothing.

Ber. Why do you smile then?

Wor. Because the Weather's hot.

Ber. You'll never leave roguing, I see that.

Wor. [putting his Finger to his Nose.] You'll never leave—I see that.

Ber. Well, I can't imagine what you drive at. Pray tell me what you mean?

Wor. Do you tell me, it's the same thing?

Ber. I can't.

Wor. Guess!

Ber. I shall guess wrong.

Wor. Indeed you won't.

Ber. I sha' either tell, or let it alone.

Wor. Nay, rather than let it alone, I will tell. But first I must put you in mind that, after what has pass'd twixt you and I, very few things ought to be Secrets between us.

Ber. Why what Secrets do we hide? I know of none.

Wor. Yes, there are two; one I have hid from you, and t'other you wou'd hide from me. You are fond of *Loveless*, which I have discover'd; and I am fond of his *Wife*.

Ber. Which I have discover'd.

Wor. Very well, now I confess your Discovery to be true: What do you say to mine?

Ber. Why, I confess—I wou'd swear 'twere false, if I thought you were Fool enough to believe me,

Wor.

Wor. Now am I almost in Love with you again. Nay, I don't know but I might be quite so, had I made one short Campaign with *Amanda*. Therefore, if you find 'twould tickle your Vanity, to bring me down once more to your Lure, e'en help me quickly to dispatch her Business, that I may have nothing else to do, but to apply myself to yours.

Ber. Do you then think, Sir, I am old enough to be a Bawd?

Wor. No, but I think you are wise enough to—

Ber. To do what?

Wor. To hoodwink *Amanda* with a Gallant, that she mayn't see who is her Husband's Mistress.

Ber. [aside.] He has reason: The Hint's a good one.

Wor. Well, Madam, what think you on't?

Ber. I think you are, by much a deeper Politician in these Affairs than I am, that I ought to have a very great regard to your Advice.

Wor. Then give me leave to put you in mind, that the most easy, safe, and pleasant Situation for your own Amour, is the House in which you now are; provided you keep *Amanda* from any sort of Suspicion. That the way to do that, is to engage her in an Intrigue of her own, making yourself her Confident. And the way to bring her to intrigue, is to make her jealous of her Husband in a wrong place; which the more you foment, the less you'll be suspected. This is my Scheme, in short; which if you follow, as you shoud do, (my dear *Berinthia*) we may all four pass the Winter very pleasantly.

Ber. Well, I could be glad to have no body's Sins to answer for but my own. But where there is a Necessity—

Wor. Right, as you say, where there is a Necessity, a Christian is bound to help his Neighbour. So, good *Berinthia*, lose no time, but let us begin the Dance as fast as we can.

Ber. Not till the Fiddles are in tune, pray Sir.

Wor. But have you had no private Closet Discourse with her yet about Males and Females, and so forth, which may give you hopes in her Constitution? for I know her Morals are the Devil against us.

Ber. I have had so much Discourse with her, that I believe were she once cur'd of her fondness to her Hus-

band, the Fortress of her Virtue would not be so impregnable as she fancies.

Wor. What! she runs I'll warrant you into that common Mistake of fond Wives, who conclude themselves virtuous, because they can refuse a Man they don't like, when they have got one they do.

Ber. True, and therefore I think it is a presumptuous thing in a Woman to assume the Name of Virtuous, till she has heartily hated her Husband, and been soundly in love with somebody else; whom, if she has withstood—then—much good may it do her!

Wor. Well, so much for her Virtue. Now, one word of her Inclinations, and every one to their Post. What Opinion do you find she has of me?

Ber. What you can do with; she thinks you handsome and discreet.

Wor. Good! that's thinking half Seas over. One Tide more brings us into Port.

Ber. Perhaps it may, tho' still remember, there's a difficult Bar to pass.

Wor. I know there is, but I don't question I shall get well over it, by the help of such a Pilot.

Ber. You may depend upon your Pilot, she'll do the best she can; so weigh Anchor and be gone as soon as you please.

Wor. I'm under Sail already. Adieu. [*Exit Wor.*]

Ber. Bon Voyage.

Sala. Well, I won't let me know all you can.

So, here's fine Work. What a Business have I undertaken! I'm a very pretty Gentlewoman truly; but there was no avoiding it: He'd have ruin'd me, if I had refus'd him.

Enter Amanda, her Woman following her.

Wom. If you please, Madam, only to say, whether you'll have me buy 'em or not.

Aman. Yes, no, go fiddle; I care not what you do. Pr'ythee leave me. [*Exit Wom.*]

Ber. What in the Name of Jove's the matter with you?

Aman. The matter, *Berinthia*, I'm almost mad! I'm plagu'd to death.

Ber. Who is it that plagues you?

Aman. Who do you think shou'd plague a Wife, but her Husband?

Ber.

Ber. O ho, is it come to that? We shall have you with yourself a Widow by and by.

Aman. Would I were anything but what I am; a base ungrateful Man; after what I have done for him, to use me thus!

Ber. What, he has been ogling now?

Aman. Yes, he has been ogling.

Ber. And so you are jealous? Is that all?

Aman. That all! is jealousy then nothing?

Ber. It shoud be nothing, if I were in your Case.

Aman. Why, what would you do?

Ber. I'd core myself.

Aman. How?

Ber. Care as little for my Husband, as he did for me.

Aman. That would not stop his Course.

Ber. Nor nothing else, when the Wind's in the warm Corner. O Look you, *Amanda*, you may build Castles in the Air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin and lean, and pale and ugly, if you please. But I tell you, no Man worth having is true to his Wife, or can be true to his Wife, or ever was, or ever will be for

Aman. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did not suspect him.

Ber. Think for! I know he's so.

Aman. Is it possible? Pray tell me what you know?

Ber. Don't press me then to name Names; for that I have sworn I won't do.

Aman. Well, I won't; but let me know all you can without Perjury.

Ber. I'll let you know enough to prevent any wife's murthering of the Piper; and I hope you'll pluck up your Spirits, and shew, upon occasion, you can be as good a Wife as the best of 'em.

Aman. Well; what a Woman can do I'll endeavour.

Ber. O, a Woman can do a great deal, if once she sets her mind to it. Therefore pray don't stand trifling any longer, and teasing yourself with this and that, and your Love and your Virtue, and I know not what. But resolve to hold up your Head, get a tiptoe, and look over them all; for to my certain knowledge your Husband is a pickeering elsewhere.

Aman. You are sure on't?

Ber. Positively, he fell in love at the Play.

Aman.

Aman. Right, the very same; do you know the ugly thing?

Ber. Yes; I know her well enough; but she's no such ugly thing neither.

Aman. Is she very handsome?

Ber. Truly I think so.

Aman. Hey ho.

Ber. What do you sigh for now?

Aman. Oh my Heart!

I'm very ill; I must go to my Chamber;

Dear *Berinthia*, don't leave me a Moment.

Ber. No, don't fear. [*aside.*] I'll see you safe brought to bed, I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt Amanda leaning upon Berinthia.*]

SCENE, a Country-House.

Enter Young Fashion and Lory.

Young Fash. So, here's our Inheritance, *Lory*, if we can but get into Possession. But methinks; the Seat of our Family looks like *Noah's Ark*, as if the chief part of it were design'd for the Fowls of the Air, and the Beasts of the Field.

Lo. Pray, Sir, don't let your Head run upon the Orders of Building here; get but the Heiress, let the Devil take the House.

Young Fash. Get but the House, let the Devil take the Heiress, I say; at least if she be as old *Coupler* describes her. But come, we have no time to squander. Knock at the Door. [*Lory knocks two or three times.*] What the Devil have they got no Ears in this House? Knock harder.

Lo. O Gad, Sir, this will prove some enchanted Castle; we shall have the Giant come out by and by with his Club, and beat our Brains out. [*Knocks again.*]

Young Fash. Hush; they come.

From within. Who is there?

Lo. Open the Door and see: Is that your Country Breeding?

Within. Ay, but two Words to a Bargain: *Tumms*, is the Blunderbuss prim'd?

Young Fash. Oons, give 'em good Words, *Lory*, we shall be shot here a Fortune catching.

Lo.

Lo. I gad, Sir, I think yare in the right on't. Ho, Mr. What d'ye-call-um. — [*Servant appears at the Window with a Blunderbuss.*] Weal naw, what yare Business.

Young Fash. Nothing, Sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

Ser. To wait upon Sir Tunbelly? Why, you'll find that's just as Sir Tunbelly pleases.

Young Fash. But will you do me the Favour, Sir, to know whether Sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

Ser. Why, look you, do you see, with good Words much may be done. *Ralph*, go thy wae, and ask Sir Tunbelly if he pleases to be waited upon. And do't hear? Caull to Nurse, that she may lock up Miss Hayden before the Gate's open.

Young Fash. D'ye hear that, *Lory*?

Enter Sir Tunbelly, with his Servants arm'd with Guns, Clubs, Pitchforks, Scythes, &c.

Lo. [*running behind his Master.*] O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, we are both dead Men.

Young Fash. Take heed, Fool, thy Fear will ruin us.

Lo. My Fear, Sir, 'Sdeath, Sir, I fear nothing. [*aside.*] Wou'd I were well up to the Chin in a Horse-Pond.

Sir Tun. Who is it here has any Business with me?

Young Fash. Sir, 'tis I, if your Name be Sir Tunbelly Clumley.

Sir Tun. Sir, my Name is Sir Tunbelly Clumley, whether you have any Business with me or not. So you see I am not ashamed of my Name — nor my Face — neither.

Young Fash. Sir, you have no cause, that I know of.

Sir Tun. Sir, if you have no cause neither, I desire to know who you are; for till I know your Name, I shall not ask you to come into my House, and when I know your Name — 'tis six to four I don't ask you neither.

Young Fash. [*giving him a Letter.*] Sir, I hope you'll find this Letter an Authentick Passport.

Sir Tun. Cod's my life, I ask your Lordship's Pardon ten thousand times. [*To his Servants.*] Here, run in doors quickly; Get a Scotch-Coal Fire in the great Parlour; set all the Turkey-work-Chairs in their places; get the great Brass Candlesticks out, and be sure stick the Sockets full of Laurel, run. [*Turning to Young Fash.*] My Lord, I ask your Lordship's pardon. [*To other Servants.*] And do you hear, run away to Nurse, but let

Day, let her put on a clean Tucker, quicken her
To Young Fash.] I hope your Honour will excuse the
disorder of my Family, we are not us'd to receive Men
of your Lordship's great Quality every Day, I pray where
are your Coaches and Servants, my Lord

Young Fash. Sir, that I might give you and your fair
Daughter a proof how impatient I am to be hearer a-
kin to you, I left my Equipage to follow me, and came
away Post with only one Servant.

Sir Tun. Your Lordship does me too much Honour.
It was exposing your Person to too much Fatigue and
Danger, I protest it was; but my Daughter shall en-
deavour to make you what amends she can; and tho' I
say it, that she'd not say it—Hayden has Charms.

Young Fash. Sir, I am not a Stranger to them, tho' I
am to her. Common Fame has done her Justice.
Sir Tun. My Lord, I am common Fame's very grate-
ful humble Servant. My Lord, my Girl's young:
Hayden is young, my Lord; but this I must say for her,
what she wants in Art, she has by Nature; what she
wants in Experience, she has in Breeding; and what's
wanting in her Age, is made good in her Constitution.
So pray, my Lord, walk in; pray, my Lord, walk in.

Young Fash. Sir, I wait upon you. [Exeunt.]

Miss Hayden. I am sure never no body was us'd as I am. I know well
enough what other Girls do, for all they think to make
a Fool of me: It's well I have a Husband a coming,
or I cod, I'd marry the Baker, I wou'd so. No body
can knock at the Gate, but presently I must be lockt
up; and here's the young Greyhound bitch can run
loose about the House all the day long, she can, tis
very well! I think you think I am a Fool.

Nurse without, opening the Door.
Miss Hayden, Miss, Miss, Miss, Miss Hayden.

Miss Hayden. What do you make such a Noise for, ha!
What do you din your Ears for? Can't one be at
ease for you?

Nurse. What do I din your Ears for? Here's one come
will din your Ears for you.

Miss

Miss. What care I who's come; I care not a Fig, who comes nor who goes; has long and must be lock'd up like the Ale-Cellar, and I never see her but on a clean Tucket.

Nurse. That, *Miss*, is for fear you shou'd be drunk before you are ripe. I hope your Honour will not be so young.

Miss. O, don't you trouble your Head about that; I am as ripe as you, tho' not so full.

Nurse. Very well, now I have a good mind to look you up again, and not let you see my Lord to him.

Miss. My Lord? Why is my Husband come? *Nurse.* Yes, marry is he, and a goodly Person too.

Miss. [hugging *Nurse*.] O my dear *Nurse*, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three clumps on the Back, and a great pinch on the Cheek.

Nurse. Ah, the poor thing, see how it melts; it's as full of Good Nature, as an Egg's full of Meat.

Miss. But, my dear *Nurse*, don't lie now; is he come by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly, is he.

Miss. O Lord! I'll go and put on my lac'd Smock, tho' I'm lock'd up a Month for it. [Exit running.]

What the waters in Air, the sea by Nature; what the

so pray, my Lord, walk in pray, my Lord, walk in

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Miss* Hoyden and *Nurse*.

Nurse. WELL Mrs. how do you like your

Miss. O Lord, *Nurse*, I'm so overjoy'd, I can scarce

contain myself.

Nurse. O, but you must have a care of being too fond

for Men now a-days have a Woman that loves 'em.

Miss. Love him! Why do you think I love him,

Nurse. I Cod, I wou'd not care if he were hang'd, so

I were but once married to him. — No, — that which

pleases me, is to think what Work I'll make when I get

to London; for when I am a Wife and a Lady both,

Nurse. I Cod I'll flout it with the best of 'em.

Nurse. Look, look, if his Honour be not a coming to

you now; if I were sure you wou'd behave yourself hand-

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Nurse. Look, look, if his Honour be not a coming to

you now; if I were sure you wou'd behave yourself hand-

some for you.

somely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miss. That's my best Nurse, do as you wou'd be done by; trust us together this once, and if I don't shew my Breeding from the Head to the Foot of me, may I be twice married, and die a Maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you; but if you disparage me——

Miss. Never fear, I'll shew him my Parts, I'll warrant him. [Exit Nurse.]

Sola.

These old Women are so wise when they get a poor Girl into their Clutches; but ere it be long, I shall know what's what, as well as the best of 'em.

Enter Young Fashion.

Young Fash. Your Servant, Madam, I'm glad to find you alone; for I have something of Importance to speak to you about.

Miss. Sir, (my Lord, I meant) you may speak to me, about what you please, I shall give you a civil Answer.

Young Fash. You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in few Words, what I think both for your Interest and mine. Your Father, I suppose you know, has resolv'd to make me happy in being your Husband, and I hope I may depend upon your Consent, to perform what he desires.

Miss. Sir, I never disobey my Father in any thing but eating of green Gooseberries.

Young Fash. So good a Daughter must needs be an admirable Wife; I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the Violence of my Love, that you won't have the Cruelty to defer my Happiness, so long as your Father designs it.

Miss. Pray, my Lord, how long is that?

Young Fash. Madam, a thousand Year——a whole Week.

Miss. A Week——why I shall be an old Woman by that time.

Young Fash. And I an old Man, which you'll find a greater Misfortune than t'other.

Miss. Why I thought it was to be to-morrow Morning, as soon as I was up; I'm sure Nurse told me so.

Young Fash. And it shall be to-morrow Morning still, if you'll consent. *Miss*

Miss. If I'll consent! Why I thought I was to obey you as my Husband.

Young Fash. That's when we are married; till then, I am to obey you.

Miss. Why then if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing: I'll obey you now, and when we are married, you shall obey me.

Young Fash. With all my heart; but I doubt we must get Nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the Chaplain.

Miss. No more we shan't indeed, for he loves her better than he loves his Pulpit, and would always be a preaching to her by his good Will.

Young Fash. Why then, my dear little Bedfellow, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

Miss. O Lord, I can tell you a way how to persuade her to any thing.

Young Fash. How's that?

Miss. Why tell her she's a wholesome comely Woman—and give her Half a Crown.

Young Fash. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of 'em.

Miss. O Gemini, for half that she'd marry you herself; I'll run and call her. [Exit Miss.]

Young Fashion solus.

So, Matters go swimmingly; this is a rare Girl, I faith; I shall have a fine time of it with her at London. I'm much mistaken if she don't prove a *March Hare* all the Year round. What a scampering Chace will she make on't, when she finds the whole Kennel of Beaux at her Tail! She'll shew them sport, I'll warrant 'em. But no matter, she brings an Estate will afford me a separate Maintenance.

Enter Miss and Nurse.

Young Fash. How do you do, good Mistress Nurse? I desir'd your young Lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary Care and Conduct in her Education; pray accept of this small Acknowledgment for it at present, and depend upon my farther Kindness, when I shall be that happy thing her Husband.

Nurse. [aside.] Gold by mackins! Your Honour's Goodness is too great: alas! all I can boast of is, I gave
E her

her pure good Milk, and so your Honour wou'd have said, an you had seen how the poor thing suck't it. — Eh, God's blessing on the sweet Face on't; how it us'd to hang at this poor Teat, and suck and squeeze, and kick and sprawl it wou'd, till the Belly on't was so full, it wou'd drop off like a Leech.

[*Miss to Nurse, taking her angrily aside.*

Pray one word with you; prythee Nurse don't stand ripping up old Stories, to make one ashamed before one's Love: do you think such a fine proper Gentleman as he is, cares for a fiddlecome Tale of a draggel-tail'd Girl; if you have a mind to make him have a good Opinion of a Woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. [*To Young Fash.*] I hope your Honour will excuse my Mismanners to whisper before you, it was only to give some Orders about the Family.

Young Fash. O every thing, Madam, is to give way to Business; besides, good Housewifery is a very commendable Quality in a young Lady.

Miss. Pray, Sir, are young Ladies good Housewives at London Town? Do they darn their own Linen?

Young Fash. O no, they study how to spend Money, not to save it.

Miss. I Cod, I don't know but that may be better Sport than t'other, ha, Nurse!

Young Fash. Well, you shall have your Choice when you come there.

Miss. Shall I — then by my troth I'll get there as fast as I can.

To Nurse. His Honour desires you'll be so kind, as to let us be marry'd to-morrow.

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear Madam?

Young Fash. Yes, to-morrow, sweet Nurse, privately; young Folks, you know, are impatient, and Sir Tuntelly wou'd make us stay a Week for a Wedding-Dinner. Now all things being sign'd and seal'd and agreed, I fancy there cou'd be no great harm in trafficking a Scene or two of Matrimony in private, if it were only to give us the better Assurance when we come to play it in publick.

Nurse. Nay, I must confess stolen Pleasures are sweet, but if you shou'd be married now, what will you do when Sir Tuntelly calls for you to be wedded?

Miss.

Miss. Why then we will be married again.

Nurse. What, twice my Child?

Miss. I Cod, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

Young Fash. Pray, Nurse, don't you be against your young Lady's good; for by this means she'll have the pleasure of two Wedding-Days.

Miss to Nurse softly.] And of two Wedding-Nights too, Nurse.

Nurse. Well, I'm such a tender-hearted Fool, I find I can refuse you nothing; so you shall e'en follow your own Inventions.

Miss. Shall I? [*Aside.*] O Lord, I could leap over the Moon.

Young Fash. Dear Nurse, this Goodness of yours shan't go unrewarded; but now you must employ your Power with Mr. Bull the Chaplain, that he may do his friendly Office too; and then we shall be all happy: do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him—or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Miss. My Lord, she has had him upon the hip this seven Year.

Young Fash. I'm glad to hear it; however to strengthen your Interest with him, you may let him know I have several fat Livings in my Gift, and that the first that falls shall be in your Disposal.

Nurse. Nay, then I'll make him marry more Folks than one, I'll promise him.

Miss. Faith so, Nurse, make him marry you too; I'm sure he'll do't for a fat living; for he loves Eating more than he loves his Bible; and I have often heard him say, a fat Living was the best Meat in the World.

Nurse. Ay, and I'll make him commend the Sauce too, or I'll bring his Gown to a Cassock, I will so.

Young Fash. Well, Nurse, whilst you go and settle Matters with him, your Lady and I will go and take a walk in the Garden.

Nurse. I'll do your Honour's Business in the catching up of a Garter. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Young Fash. [*Giving her his Hand.*] Come, Madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

Miss. O dear, yes, Sir, I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Amanda and Berinthia.

Aman. Well, now *Berinthia*, I'm at leisure to hear what 'twas you had to say to me.

Ber. What I had to say, was only to echo the Sighs and Groans of a dying Lover.

Aman. Thus, will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

Ber. Why this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part, I only tell you Matter of Fact, you may take it which way you like best; but if you'll follow the Women of the Town, you'll take it both ways; for when a Man offers himself to one of them, first she takes him in jest, and then she takes him in earnest.

Aman. I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me, I scarce know how to take it; but I think you have bewitched me, for I don't find it possible to be angry with you, say what you will.

Ber. I'm very glad to hear it, for I have no mind to quarrel with you, for some Reasons that I'll not brag of; but quarrel or not, smile or frown, I must tell you what I have suffer'd upon your account.

Aman. Upon my account!

Ber. Yes, upon yours; I have been forc'd to sit still and hear you commended for two Hours together, without one Compliment to myself; now don't you think a Woman has a blessed time of that.

Aman. Alas! I shou'd have been unconcern'd at it; I never knew where the Pleasure lay of being prais'd by the Men; but pray who was this that commended me so?

Ber. One you have a mortal Aversion to, Mr. *Worthy*.

Aman. Alas! *Berinthia*, did I incline to a Gallant, (which you know I do not) do you think a Man so nice as he, cou'd have the least concern for such a plain unpolish'd thing as I am? it is impossible!

Ber. Now have you a great mind to put me upon commending you.

Aman. Indeed that was not my Design.

Ber. Nay, if it were, it's all one, for I won't do't, I'll leave that to your Looking-glass. But to shew you I have some Good-nature left, I'll commend him, and may be that may do as well.

Aman. You have a great mind to persuade me I am in love with him.

Ber.

Ber. I have a great mind to persuade you, you don't know what you are in love with.

Aman. I am sure I am not in love with him, nor never shall be, so let that pass; but you were saying something you would commend him for.

Ber. You'd be glad to hear a good Character of him however.

Aman. I shall if I can.

Ber. I shall. Well, 'tis a foolish Undertaking for Women in these kind of Matters, to pretend to deceive one another. Have not I been bred a Woman as well as you?

Aman. What then?

Ber. Why then I understand my Trade so well, that whenever I am told of a Man I like, I cry, Pshaw; but that I may spare you the Pains of putting me a second time in mind to commend him, I'll proceed, and give you this account of him: That tho' 'tis possible he may have had Women with as good Faces as your Ladyship's, (no Discredit to it neither,) yet you must know your captious Behaviour, with that Reserve in your Humour, has given him his Death's Wound: he mortally hates a Coquette; he says, 'tis impossible to love where we cannot esteem: and that no Woman can be esteemed by a Man who has Sense, if she makes herself cheap in the Eye of a Fool. That Pride to a Woman, is as necessary as Humility to a Divine; and that far-fetch'd, and dear bought, is Meat for Gentlemen, as well as for Ladies. In short, that every Woman who has Beauty, may set a Price upon herself, and that by under-selling the Market, they ruin the Trade. This is his Doctrine, how do you like it?

Aman. So well, that since I never intend to have a Gallant for myself, if I were to recommend one to a Friend, he shou'd be the Man.

Ber. Now have you not said enough? *Enter* Worthy.

Bless me, he's here, pray Heaven he did not hear me.

Ber. If he did, it won't hurt your Reputation, your Thoughts are as safe in his Heart, as in your own.

Wor. I venture in at an unreasonable time of Night, Ladies, I hope, if I am troublesome, you'll use the same Freedom in turning me out again.

Aman. I believe it can't be late, for Mr. Loveless is not come home yet, and he usually keeps good Hours.

Wor. Madam, I'm afraid he'll transgress a little to-night; for he told me about half an Hour ago, he was going to sup with some Company, he doubted would keep him out till three or four o'clock in the Morning, and desired I would let my Servant acquaint you with it, that you might not expect him: But my Fellow's a Blunder-head; so, lest he should make some mistake, I thought it my Duty to deliver the Message myself.

Aman. I'm very sorry he should give you that trouble, Sir: But

Ber. But since he has, will you give me leave, Madam, to keep him to play at Ombre with us?

Aman. Cousin, you know you command my House.

Wor. to Ber.] And, Madam, you know you command me, tho' I'm a very wretched Gamester.

Ber. O you play well enough to lose your Money, and that's all the Ladies require; and so without any noble Ceremony, let us go into the next Room and call for the Cards.

Aman. With all my Heart.

[Exit Wor. leading Aman.]

Ber. sola. Well, how this Business will endy Heaven knows; but she seems to me to be in as fair a way, as a Boy is to be a Rogue, when he's put Clerk to an Attorney.

[Exit Berinthia.]

SCENE, Berinthia's Chamber.

Enter Loveless cautiously in the Dark.

Low. SO, thus far all's well. I'm got into her Bed-Chamber, and I think no body has perceived me steal into the House; my Wife don't expect me home till four o'Clock; so if *Berinthia* comes to Bed by eleven, I shall have a Chace of five Hours. Let me see, where shall I hide myself? Under her Bed? No; we shall have her Maid searching there for something or other; her Closet's a better Place, and I have a Master-Key will open it: I'll e'en in there, and attack her just when she comes to her Prayers, that's the most like to prove her critical Minute. *[He opens the Closet, goes in, and shuts the Door after him.]*

Enter

Enter Berinthia with the Candle in her Hand.

Ber. Well, sure, I am the best natur'd Woman in the World, I that love Cards so well (there is but one thing upon the Earth that I love better) have pretended Letters to write, to give my Friends a *Tête-à-Tête*; however, I'm innocent, *Piquet* is the Game I set him to, at her own Peril, be it, if she ventures to play with him at any other. But now what shall I do with myself? I don't know how in the World to pass my time; wou'd *Loveless* were here to *badiner* a little; well, he's a charming Fellow, I don't wonder his Wife's so fond of him: what if I should sit down and think of him till I fall fast asleep, and dream if the Lord knows what? O but then if I should dream we were married, I should be frightened out of my Wits. [*Seeing a Book.*] What's this Book? I think I had best go read. O Splenitique! it's a Sermon; well, I'll go into my Closet, and read the *Plotting Sisters*. [*She opens the Closet, sees Loveless, and shrieks out.*] O Lord, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost!

Enter Loveless running to her.

Love. Peace, my Dear; it's no Ghost, take it in your Arms, you'll find it's worth a hundred of 'em.

Ber. Run in again; here's some body coming.

Enter Maid.

Maid. O Lord, Madam, what's the Matter?

Ber. O Heav'n's! I'm almost frighed out of my Wits, I thought verily I had seen a Ghost, and 'twas nothing but the white Curtain with a black Hood pinn'd up against it; you may be gone again, I am the fearfullest Fool.

[*Exit Maid.*]

Re-enter Loveless.

Love. Is the Coast clear?

Ber. The Coast clear! I suppose you are clear, you'd never play such a Trick as this else.

Love. I am very well pleas'd with my Trick thus far, and shall be so till I have play'd it out, if it ben't your Fault, where's my Wife?

Ber. At Cards.

Love. With whom?

Ber. With *Worthy*.

Love. Then we are safe enough.

Ber. You are so! some Husbands wou'd be of another mind, if he were at Cards with their Wives.

Love.

Lov. And they'd be in the right on't too. But I dare trust mine— Besides, I know he's in love in another place, and he's not one of those who court half a dozen at a time.

Ber. Nay, the truth on't is, you'd pity him if you saw how uneasy he is at being engag'd with us; but 'twas my Mañce. I fancy'd he was to meet his Mistress some where else, so did it to have the pleasure of seeing him fret.

Lov. What says *Amanda* to my staying abroad so late?

Ber. Why she's as much out of Humour as he, I believe they wish one another at the Devil.

Lov. Then I'm afraid they'll quarrel at Play, and soon throw up the Cards: [*Offering to pull her into the Closet*] Therefore, my dear charming Angel, let us make good use of our time.

Ber. Heavens, what do you mean?

Lov. Pray what do you think I mean?

Ber. I don't know.

Lov. I'll shew you.

Ber. You may as well tell me.

Lov. No, that would make you blush worse than t'other.

Ber. Why, do you intend to make me blush?

Lov. Faith, I can't tell that; but if I do, it shall be in the dark. [*Pulling her.*]

Ber. O Heavens! I wou'd not be in the dark with you for all the World.

Lov. I'll try that. [*Puts out the Candles.*]

Ber. O Lord! are you mad! What shall I do for Light?

Lov. You'll do as well without it.

Ber. Why, one can't find a Chair to sit down?

Lov. Come into the Closet, Madam, there's Moon-shine upon the Couch.

Ber. Nay, never pull, for I will not go.

Lov. Then you must be carried. [*Carrying her.*]

Ber. Help, help, I'm ravish'd, ruin'd, undone. O Lord, I shall never be able to bear it. [*Very softly.*]

SCENE

S C E N E, Sir Tunbellys House.

Enter Miss Hayden, Nurse, Young Fashion, and Bull.

Young Fash. **T**HIS quick dispatch of yours, Mr. Bull, I take so kindly, it shall give you claim to my Favour as long as I live, I do assure you.

Miss. And to mine too, I promise you.

Bull. I most humbly thank your Honours; and may your Children swarm about you, like Bees about a Honey-Comb.

Miss. I cod with all my Heart, the more the merrier, I say, ha, Nurse.

Enter Lord, taking his Master hastily aside.

Lo. One Word with you, for Heaven's sake.

Young Fash. What the Devil's the matter?

Lo. Sir, your Fortune's ruin'd. Yonder's your Brother arriv'd with two Coaches and six Horses, twenty Footmen and Pages, a Coat worth fourscore Pound, and a Perriwig down to his Knees; So judge what will become of your Lady's Heart.

Young Fash. Death and Furies! 'tis impossible.

Lo. Fiends and Spectres! Sir, 'tis true.

Young Fash. Is he in the House yet?

Lo. No, they are capitulating with him at the Gate; the Porter tells him, he's come to run away with *Miss Hayden*, and has cock'd the Blunderbuss at him; your Brother swears Gad Damme, they are a parcel of Clawns, so what will you do Sir?

Young Fash. Stay a little. [*To Miss.*] My Dear, here's a troublesome Business my Man tells me of, but don't be frighten'd, we shall be too hard for the Rogue. Here's an impudent Fellow at the Gate (not knowing I was come hither *incognito*) has taken my Name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss. O the Brazen-fac'd Varlet, it's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Young Fash. [*aside.*] I gad, like enough: Pr'ythee, dear Doctor, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the Gate, before I speak with him,

Bull. I fly, my good Lord——

[*Exit Bull.*
Nurse.

Nurse. An't please your Honour, my Lady and I had best lock ourselves up till the Danger be over.

Young Fash. Ay, by all means.

Miss. Not so fast, I won't be lock'd up any more, I'm marry'd.

Young Fash. Yes, pray my Dear do, till we have seiz'd this Rascal.

Miss. Nay, if you pray me, I'll do any thing.

Young Fash. [To *Lo.*] Hark you, Sirrah, things are better than you imagine; the Wedding's over.

Lo. The Devil it is, Sir.

Young Fash. Not a Word, all's safe: But Sir *Tunbely* don't know it, nor must not yet; so I am resolv'd to brazen the Business out, and have the Pleasure of turning the Imposter upon his Lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter Sir Tunbely, Chap. and Servants arm'd.

Young Fash. Did, you ever hear, Sir, of so impudent an Undertaking.

Sir Tun. Never, by the Mass, but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant you.

Young Fash. They tell me, Sir, he has a great many People with him disguis'd like Servants.

Sir Tun. Ay, ay, Rogues enow; but I'll soon raise the Posse upon 'em.

Young Fash. Sir, if you'll take my Advice, we'll go a shorter way to work; I find, whoever this Spark is, he knows nothing of my being privately here; so if you pretend to receive him civilly, he'll enter without Suspicion; and as soon as he is within the Gate, we'll whip up the Draw-bridge upon his Back, let fly the Blunderbuss to disperse the Crew, and so commit him to Goal.

Sir Tun. I gad, your Lordship is an ingenious Person, and a very great General; but shall we kill any of 'em or not?

Young Fash. No, no, fire over their Heads only to fright e'm; I'll warrant the Regiment scours when the Colonel's a Prisoner.

Sir Tun. Then come along, my Boys, and let your Courage be great—for your Danger is but small.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE, The Gate.

Enter Lord Poppington and Followers.

Lord Pop. A Pax of these Bumkinly People, will they open the Gate, or do they desire I should grow at their Moat-side like a Willow? [*To the Porter.*] Hey, Fellow—Prythee do me the Favour, in as few words as thou canst find to express thyself, to tell me whether thy Master will admit me or not, that I may turn about my Coach, and be gone.

Por. Here's my Master himself now at hand, he's of Age, he'll give you his Answer.

Enter Sir Tunbilly, and his Servants.

Sir Tun. My most noble Lord, I crave your pardon for making your Honour wait so long; but my Orders to my Servants have been to admit no body without my Knowledge, for fear of some Attempts upon my Daughter, the Times being full of Plots and Roguery.

Lord Pop. Much Caution, I must confess, is a Sign of great Wisdom: But, flap my Vitals, I have got a Cold enough to destroy a Porter—He, hem—

Sir Tun. I am very sorry for't, indeed, my Lord; but if your Lordship please to walk in, we'll help you to some brown Sugar-Candy. My Lord, I'll shew you the way.

Lord Pop. Sir, I follow with pleasure. [*Exeunt.*]

[*As Lord Poppington's Servants go to follow him in, they clap the Door against La Verole.*]

Servants within. Nay, hold you me there, Sir.

La Ver. Jernie, qu'est ce que veut dira ça?

Sir Tun. [*within.*]—Fire, Porter.

Porter cries.—Have among you, my Masters.

La Ver. Ah je suis mort—[*The Servants all run off.*]

Port. Not one Soldier left, by the Mals.

SCENE

SCENE changes into a Hall.

Enter Sir Tunberry, the Chaplain and Servants, with Lord Foppington disarm'd.

Sir Tun. COME, bring him along, bring him along.
Lord Fop. What the Pax do you mean, Gentlemen, is it Fair time, that you are all drunk before Dinner.

Sir Tun. Drunk, Sirrah! here's an impudent Rogue for you. Drunk or Sober, Bully, I'm a Justice of the Peace, and know how to deal with Strolers.

Lord Fop. Strolers?

Sir Tun. Ay, Strolers; come give an account of yourself: what's your Name? where do you live? Do you pay Scot and Lot? Are you a Williamite, or a Jacobite? Come?

Lord Fop. And why dost thou ask me so many impertinent Questions?

Sir Tun. Because I'll make you answer 'em before I have done with you, you Rascal you.

Lord Fop. Before Gad, all the Answer I can make thee to 'em, is, that thou art a very extraordinary old Fellow; flap my Vitals—

Sir Tun. Nay, if you are for joaking with Deputy Lieutenants, we know how to deal with you: Here, draw a Warrant for him immediately.

Lord Fop. A Warrant—what the Devil is't thou wou'd be at, old Gentleman?

Sir Tun. I wou'd be at you, Sirrah, (if my Hands were not ty'd as a Magistrate) and with these two double Fists beat your Teeth down your Throat, you Dog you.

Lord Fop. And why wou'dst thou spoil my Face at that rate?

Sir Tun. For your Design to rob me of my Daughter, Villain.

Lord Fop. Rab thee of thy Daughter—Now I do begin to believe I'm a-bed and a-sleep, and that all this is but a Dream—If it be, it will be an agreeable Serprize enough, to waken by and by; and instead of the impertinent Company of a nasty Country Justice, find myself perhaps in the Arms of a Woman of Quality—
[To Sir Tun.] Pr'ythee, old Father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one Question? Sir

Sir Tun. I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

Lord Fop. Why, then it is, whether thou didst not write to my Lord Foppington to come down and marry thy Daughter?

Sir Tun. Yes, marry did I, and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my Daughter before she's a Day older.

Lord Fop. Now give me thy Hand, dear Dad, I thought we should understand one another at last.

Sir Tun. This Fellow's mad——here bind him Hand and Foot. *[They bind him down.]*

Lord Fop. Nay, prythee Knight, leave fooling, thy Jest begins to grow dull.

Sir Tun. Bind him, I say, he's mad——Bread and Water, a dark Room and a Whip may bring him to his Senses again.

Lord Fop. *[aside.]* I'gad, if I don't waken quickly, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the most impertinent Dreams that ever I dreamt in my Life.

Enter Miss and Nurse. [Miss going up to him.]

Miss. Is this, he that wou'd have run away with me? Fough, how he stinks of Sweets! Pray, Father, let him be dragg'd through the Horse-Pond.

Lord Fop. *[aside.]* This must be my Wife by her natural Inclination to her Husband.

Miss. Pray, Father, what do you intend to do with him? hang him?

Sir Tun. That at least, Child.

Nurse. Ay, and it's e'en too good for him too.

Lord Fop. *[aside.]* Madame la Gouvernante, I presume, hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary Families that ever Man of Quality match'd into.

Sir Tun. What's become of my Lord, Daughter?

Miss. He's just coming, Sir.

Lord Fop. *[aside.]* My Lord——What does he mean by that now?

Enter Young Fashion and Lory.

Seeing him.] Stap my Vitals, Tam, now the Dream's out.

Young Fash. Is this the Fellow, Sir, that design'd to trick me of your Daughter?

Sir Tun. This is he, my Lord, how do you like him? Is not he a pretty Fellow to get a Fortune?

Young Fash. I find by his Dress, he thought your Daughter might be taken with a Beau.

Mistress. O Gemini! Is this a Beau? let me see him again. — ha! I find a Beau is no such ugly thing neither as you say.

Young Fash. Gad, she'll be in love with him presently; I'll have him sent away to Goa! [*To Lord Fop.*]
Sir, though your Understanding shews you a Person of no extraordinary Modesty, I suppose you haven't Confidence enough to expect much Favour from me.

Lord Fop. Strike me dumb, *Tam*, thou art a very impudent Fellow.

Nurse. Look if the Valet has not the Frontery to call his Lordship plain. *Thomas.*

Sir, Come, is the Warrant writ?

Lord Fop. Yes, Sir. I'll sign it. — So now *Sir Tun.* Give me the Pen, I'll sign it. — So now Constable away with him.

Lord Fop. Hold one Moment — Pray, Gentlemen; my Lord *Foppington*, shall I beg one Word with your Lordship?

Nurse. O ho, is't my Lord with him now, I see how Afflictions will humble Folks.

Mistress. Pray, my Lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bites your Ear off.

Lord Fop. I am not altogether so hungry, as your Ladyship is pleased to imagine. [*To Young Fash.*] Look you, *Tam*, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and accept of the five thousand Pounds I offer, thou may'st live in extreme Splendor with it; stop my Vitals.

Young Fash. It's a much easier matter to prevent a Disease than to cure it; a quarter of that Sum would have secur'd your Mistress; twice as much won't redeem her. [*Leaving him.*]

Sir Tun. Well, what says he?
Young Fash. Only the Rascal offer'd me a Bribe to let him go.

Sir Tun. Ay, he shall go with a Box to him. Lead on, Constable.

Lord Fop. One word more, and I've done.

Sir Tun. Before Gad, thou art an impudent Fellow, to trouble the Court at this rate; after thou art condemned; but speak once for all.

Lord

Lord Pop. Why then once for all; I have at last luckily call'd to mind, that there is a Gentleman of this Country, who I believe cannot live far from this place, if he were here, would satisfy you, I am *Novelty*, Baron of *Fappington*, with five thousand Pounds a-year, and that Fellow there a Rascal, not worth a Groat.

Sir Tun. Very well; now who is this honest Gentleman you are so well acquainted with. [*To Young Fash.*] Come, Sir, we shall hamper him.

Lord Pop. 'Tis *Sir John Friendly*.

Sir Tun. So, he lives within half a Mile, and came down into the Country but last Night; this bold-faced Fellow thought he had been at London still, and so quoted him; now we shall display him in his Colours: I'll send for *Sir John* immediately. Here, Fellow, away presently, and desire my Neighbour he'll do me the favour to step over, upon an extraordinary Occasion; and in the mean while you had best secure this Sharper in the Gate-House.

Const. An't please your Worship, he may chance to give us the Slip thence: If I were worthy to advise, I think the Dog-kennel's a surer Place.

Sir Tun. With all my heart, any where.

Lord Pop. Nay, for Heaven's sake, Sir, do me the favour to put me in a clean Room, that I mayn't daub my Clothes.

Sir Tun. O when you have married my Daughter, her Estate will afford you new ones: Away with him.

Lord Pop. A dirty Country Justice is a barbarous Magistrate, slap my Vitals——

[*Exit Constable with Lord Foppington.*]

Young Fash. [*aside.*] I gad I must prevent this Knight's coming, or the House will grow soon too hot to hold me.

To Sir Tun. Sir, I fancy 'tis not worth while to trouble *Sir John* upon this impertinent Fellow's Desire: I'll send and call the Messenger back——

Sir Tun. Nay, with all my heart; for to be sure he thought he was far enough off, or the Rogue wou'd never have nam'd him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I met *Sir John* just lighting at the Gate, he's come to wait upon you.

Sir Tun. Nay, then it happens as one cou'd wish.

Young Fals. [*aside.*] The Devil it does: Lory, you see how things are, here will be a Discovery presently, and we shall have our Brains beat out: For my Brother will be sure to swear he don't know me: Therefore run into the Stable, take the two first Horses you can light on, I'll slip out at the Back-Door, and well away immediately.

Lor. What, and leave your Lady, Sir?

Young Fals. There's no Danger in that as long as I have taken possession; I shall know how to treat with them well enough, if once I am out of their reach. Away, I'll steal after thee. [*Exit Lory, his Master follows him out at one Door, as Sir John enters at the other.*]

Enter Sir John.

Sir Tux. Sir John, you are the welcomest Man alive; I had just sent a Messenger to desire you'd step over, upon a very extraordinary Occasion—we are all in Arms here.

Sir John. Your Servants told me the Business; and that the Impostor quotes me for his Acquaintance; pray let's see him.

Sir Tux. That you shall, Sir, Here, fetch in that tawery Fellow, that lies Neck and Heels among the Boards: and don't hear, Doctor, Tell my Lord, Sir John *Friendly* is here to wait on him. [*Exit Chaplain.*]

Re-enter Chaplain.

Bull. Sir, his Lordship is just rid out to take the Air.

Sir Tux. To take the Air! Is that his London Breeding, to go to take the Air, when Gentlemen come to visit him.

Enter Constable, &c. with Lord Foppington.

Lord Fop. Snap my Vitals, I'll have Satisfaction.

Sir John [*running to him.*] My dear Lord Foppington!

Lord Fop. Dear *Friendly*, thou art come in the critical Minute, strike me dumb.

Sir John. Why, I little thought to have found you in Fetters.

Lord Fop. Why truly the World must do me the justice to confess, I do use to appear a little more degage: But this old Gentleman, not liking the Freedom of my Air, has been pleased to skewer down my Arms like a Rabbit.

Sir Tux. Is it then possible that this should be the true Lord Foppington at last?

Lord

Lord Fop. Why what do you see in his Face to make you doubt of it? Sir, without presuming to have any extraordinary Opinion of my Figure, give me leave to tell you, if you had seen as many Lords as I have done, you would not think it impossible a Person of a worse Tail than mine, might be a modern Man of Quality.

Sir Tun. Unbind him, Slaves: My Lord, I'm struck dumb, I can only beg Pardon by Signs; but if a Sacrifice will appease you, you shall have it. Here, pursue this Tartar, bring him back. — Away, I say, a Dog Oons. — I'll cut off his Ears and his Tail, I'll draw out all his Teeth, pull his Skin over his Head, — and — what shall I do more?

Sir John. He does indeed deserve to be made an Example of.

Lord Fop. He does deserve to be chartré, flap my Vitale.

Sir Tun. May I then hope I have your Honour's Pardon?

Lord Fop. Sir, we Courtiers do nothing without a Bribe; that fair young Lady might do Miracles.

Sir Tun. Hoyden, come hither, Hoyden.

Lord Fop. Hoyden is her Name, Sir?

Sir Tun. Yes, my Lord.

Lord Fop. The prettiest Name for a Song I ever heard.

Sir Tun. My Lord — here's my Girl, she's yours, she has a wholesome Body, and a virtuous Mind; she's a Woman complete, both in Flesh and in Spirit; she has a Bag of will'd Crowns, as scarce as they are, and fifteen hundred a year stich'd fast to her Tail: so go thy ways,

Hoyden.

Lord Fop. Sir, I do receive her like a Gentleman.

Sir Tun. Then I'm a happy Man, and if your Lordship will give me leave, I will, like a good Christian at Christmas, be very drunk by way of Thanksgiving. Come, my noble Peer, I believe Dinner's ready; if your Honour pleases to follow me, I'll lead you on to the Attack of a Venison Pasty.

Lord Fop. Sir, I wait upon you: Will your Ladyship do me the favour of your little Finger, Madam?

Miss. My Lord, I'll follow you presently, I have a little Business with my Nurse.

Lord Fop. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant; come Sir John, the Ladies have desist Affaires.

[*Exeunt Lord Fop. and Sir John.*]

Miss. So, Nurse, we are finely brought to bed. What shall we do now?

Nurse. Ah, dear *Miss*, we are all undone. [*Crying.*]

Miss. Well, I have often thought old Folks Fools, and now I'm sure they are so; I have found a way myself to secure us all.

Nurse. Dear Lady, what's that?

Miss. Why; if you two will be sure to hold your Tongues, and not say a word of what's past, I'll even marry this Lord too.

Nurse. What! two Husbands, my Dear?

Miss. Why you had three, good Nurse, you may hold your Tongue.

Nurse. Ay, but not altogether, Sweet Child.

Miss. Psha, if you had, you'd ne'er a thought much on't.—I cod, and I will marry again then, and so there is an end of the Story.—So come along, *Bell*. [*Exeunt.*]

Wor. I'm all invited to my Lord's wedding.

Wor. Now you must know, my Under-

Wor. I must needs meet me about some

Wor. I don't know we go to

Wor. I have told her and her

Wor. I'll go immediately, and tell her a

Wor. What's that?

Wor. Why, I shall be that to my

Wor. I have a husband's with his

Wor. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit Ab.*]

Wor. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit Ab.*]

Wor. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit Ab.*]

Wor. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit Ab.*]

Wor. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit Ab.*]

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Wor. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit Ab.*]

Wor. I'll acquaint her, Sir. [*Exit Ab.*]

Ber. What's that?

Wor. Her Virtue——she says.

Ber. And do you believe her?

Wor. No, but I believe it's what she takes for her Virtue: it's some Relicks of lawful Love! she is not yet fully satisfy'd her Husband has got another Mistress, which unless I can convince her of, I have opened the Frenches in vain, for the Breach must be wider, before I dare storm the Town.

Ber. And so I'm to be your Engineer?

Wor. I'm sure you know best how to manage the Battery.

Ber. What think you of springing a Mine? I have a Thought just now come into my Head, how to blow her up at once.

Wor. That you'd be a Thought indeed.

Ber. Faith, I'll do't, and thus the Execution of it shall be. We are all invited to my Lord Poppington's to-night to Supper. Now you must know, my Undoer here, *Lovely's*, says he must needs meet me about some private Business (I don't know what 'tis) before we go to the Company. To which end he has told his Wife one Lye, and I have told her another. But to make her amends, I'll go immediately, and tell her a solemn Truth.

Wor. What's that?

Ber. Why, I'll tell her, that to my certain Knowledge her Husband has a Rendezvous with his Mistress this Afternoon: and that if she'll give me her Word, she will be satisfy'd with the Discovery, without making any violent Inquiry after the Woman? I'll direct her to a Place where she shall see them meet——Now, Friend, this I fancy may help you to a critical Minute. For home she must go again to dress. You with your good breeding, come to wait upon us to the Ball, find her all alone, her Spirit inflam'd against her Husband for his Treason, and her Flesh in a Heat from some Contemplations upon the Treachery, her Blood on a Fire, her Conscience in ice; a Lover to draw, and the Devil to drive. Ah, poor Amanda!

Wor. [kneeling.] Thou Angel of Light, let me fall down and adore thee!

Ber. Thou Minister of Darknes, get up again, for I hate to see the Devil at his Devotions.

Wor.

Wor. Well, my incomparable *Berinthia*——How shall I requite you.

Ber. O ne'er trouble yourself about that: Virtue is its own Reward. There's a pleasure in doing good, which sufficiently pays itself. Adieu.

Wor. Farewel, thou best of Women.
Exit several ways.
Enter Amanda, meeting Berinthia.

Aman. Who was that went from you?

Ber. A Friend of yours.

Aman. What does he want?

Ber. Something you might spare him, and be ne'er the poorer.

Aman. I can spare him nothing but my Friendship; my Love already's all dispos'd of: Tho', I confess, to one ungrateful to my Bounty.

Ber. Why there's the Mystery! You have been so bountiful, you have cloy'd him.

Aman. Alas! Had you but seen how passionately fond he has been since our last Reconciliation, you wou'd have thought it were impossible he ever should have breath'd an Hour without me.

Ber. Ay but there you thought wrong again, *Amanda*; you shou'd consider, that in Matters of Love Men's Eyes are always bigger than their Bellies. They have violent Appetites, 'tis true, but they have soon din'd.

Aman. Well; there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me more than Men's Inconstancy.

Ber. Now there's nothing upon Earth astonishes me less, when I consider what they and we are compos'd of. For Nature has made them Children, and us Babies. Now, *Amanda*, how we us'd our Babies, you may remember. We were mad to have them, as soon as we saw them; kiss'd them to pieces, as soon as we got them; then pull'd off their Cloaths, saw them naked, and so threw them away.

Aman. But do you think all Men are of this Temper?

Ber. All but one.

Aman. Who's that?

Ber. *Worthy*.

Aman. Why, he's weary of his Wife too, you see.

Ber. Ay, that's no Proof.

Aman. What can be a greater?

Ber.

Ber. Being weary of his Mistreis.

Aman. Don't you think 'twere possible he might give you that too?

Ber. Perhaps he might, if he were my Gallant; not if he were yours.

Aman. Why do you think he shou'd be more constant to me, than he wou'd to you? I'm sure I'm not so handsome.

Ber. Kissing goes by Favour: he likes you best.

Aman. 'Tis possible there may be something in what you say; but what do you infer from it, as to the Man we were talking of?

Ber. Why, I infer, that you being the Woman in the World, the most to his Humour, 'tis not likely he would quit you for one that is less.

Aman. That is not to be depended upon, for you see Mr. Loveless does so.

Ber. What does Mr. Loveless do?

Aman. Why? He runs after something for Variety. I'm sure he does not like to well as he does me.

Ber. That's more than you know, Madam.

Aman. No, I'm sure on't: I am not very vain, *Berinthia*; and yet I'll lay my Life, if I could look into his heart, he thinks I deserve to be preferred to a thousand of her.

Ber. Don't be too positive in that neither: A Million to one, but she has the same Opinion of you. What wou'd you give to see her?

Aman. Hang her, a dirty Trull; tho' I really believe she's so ugly, she'd cure me of my jealousy.

Ber. All the Men of Sense about Town say she's handsome.

Aman. They are as often out in those things as any People.

Ber. Then I'll give you farther Proof—all the Women about Town say, she's a Fool: Now I hope you are convinc'd?

Aman. What'er she be, I'm satisfy'd he does not like her well enough to bestow any thing more than a little outward Gallantry upon her.

Ber. Outward Gallantry!—*[Aside.]* I can't bear this.

[To Aman.] Don't you think she's a Woman to be fobb'd off so. Come, I'm too much your Friend, to suffer

fer

fer you should be thus grossly impos'd upon, by a Man who does not deserve the least part about you, unless he knew how to set a greater Value upon it. Therefore in one word, to my certain knowledge, he is to meet her now, within a quarter of an Hour. And if you'll give me your Word that you'll be content with seeing her without pulling her Headcloaths off, I'll step immediately to the Person, from whom I have my Intelligence, and send you word whereabouts you may stand to see 'em meet.

Aman. If you can do this, *Berinthia*, he's a Villain.

Ber. I can't help that, Men will be so.

Aman. Well! I'll follow your Directions; for I shall never rest till I know the worst of this matter.

Ber. Pray, go immediately, and get yourself ready then. Put on some of your Woman's Cloaths, a great Scarf and a Mask, and you shall presently receive Orders.

Aman. But pray, *Berinthia*, before you go, tell me how I may know this filthy Thing, if she should be so forward (as I suppose she will) to come to the Rendezvous first; for, methinks, I would fain view her a little.

Ber. Why, she's about my height, and very well shap'd.

Aman. I thought she had been a little crooked?

Ber. O no, she's as straight as I am. But we lose time, come away.

ACT V. Scene London.

Enter Coupler, Young Fashion, and Lory.

Coupl. **N**OW you have told me your Story, I'll let you into mine in this Letter, read it.

[Young Fashion reads.]

Dear Coupler,

Pulling off his Hat, **I** Have only time to tell thee in three Lines, or thereabouts, that here has been the Devil: That Rascal Tam, having stole the Letter thou hadst formerly writ for me to bring to Sir Tunbelly, form'd a damnable Design upon my Mistress, and was in a fair way of Success when I arriv'd. But after having suffer'd some

Indig-

Indignities (in which I have all daubed my embroidered Coat) I put him to flight. I sent but a Party of Horse after him, in hopes to have made him my Prisoner, which if I had done, I would have qualified him for the Seraglio, &ap my Kitah. The Danger, I have thus narrowly escap'd, has made me fortify myself against further Attempts, by entering immediately into an Association with the young Ladies, by which we engage to stand by one another, as long as we both shall live. In short, the Papers are seal'd, and the Contract sign'd, so the Business of the Lawyer is achieve; but I defer the divine part of the thing till I arrive at London, not being willing to consummate in any other Bed but my own.

Postscript.

'Tis possible I may be in the Town as soon as this Letter, & far I find the Lady is so violently in love with me, I have determin'd to make her happy with all the Dispatch that is practicable, without disordering my Coach Horses.

So here's rare Work, Faith!

Lo. I-gad, Miss Heyden has laid about her bravely. Coup. I think my Country Girl has play'd her part, as well as if she had been born and bred in St. James's Park.

Young Fash. ——— That Rogue the Chaplain.

Lo. And then that Jade the Nurse, Sir.

Young Fash. And then that drunken Sot, Lenny. Sir, that cou'd not keep himself sober to be a Witness to the Marriage.

Lo, Sir ——— with respect ——— I know very few drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.

Young Fash. Hold your prating, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head; dear Couple, what's to be done.

Coup. Nothing's to be done till the Bride and Bridegroom come to Town.

Young Fash. Bride and Bridegroom; Hell and Furies! I can't bear you should call them so.

Coup. Why, what shall I call them, Dog and Cat?

Young Fash. Not for the World, that sounds more like Man and Wife than t'other.

Coup. Well, call 'em what you will, there's nothing to be done without 'em. But you have been an idle young Rogue, or the Girl wou'd never have left you.

[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Amanda, in a Scarf, &c. as just return'd, her Woman following her.

Aman. Pr'ythee what care I who has been here?

Wom. Madam, 'twas my Lady Bridle, and my Lady Tiptoe.

Aman. My Lady Fiddle, and my Lady Fiddle. What dost stand troubling me with the Visits of a parcel of impertinent Women? when they are well seam'd with the Small Pox, they won't be so fond of shewing their Faces.—There are more Coquettes about this Town—

Wom. Madam, I suppose, they only came to return your Ladyship's Visit, according to the Custom of the World.

Aman. Wou'd the World were on Fire, and you in the middle on't. Be gone: leave me. *[Exit Wom.]*

Amanda sola.

At last I am convinc'd. My Eyes are Testimonies of his Falshood.

The base, ungrateful, perjur'd Villain——

Good Gods—What slippery Stuff are Men compos'd of? Sure the Account of their Creation's false,

And 'twas the Woman's Rib that they were form'd of.

But why am I thus angry?

This poor Relapse shou'd only move my Scorn.

'Tis true; the roving Flights of his unfinished Youth,

Had strong Excuses from the Plea of Nature;

Reason had thrown the Reins loose on his Neck,

And slip't him to unlimited Desire.

If therefore he went wrong, he had a Claim

To my Forgiveness,

But since the Years of Manhood rein him in,

And Reason, well digested into Thought,

Has pointed out the Course he ought to run;

If now he strays,

'Twou'd be as weak, and mean in me to pardon,

As it has been in him t'offend. But hold:

[Going off, she meets Worthy.]

Ha! He here? Protect me Heaven, for this looks ominous.

Wor. You seem disorder'd Madam; I hope ther's no Misfortune happen'd to you?

Aman. None that will long disorder me, I hope.

Wor.

Wor. Whate'er it be disturbs you, I wou'd to Heaven 'twere in my Power to bear the Pain, till I were able to remove the Cause.

Aman. I hope ere long it will remove itself. At least, I have given it Warning to be gone.

Wor. If 'tis the Sting of unrequited Love, remove it instantly: I have a Balm will quickly heal the Wound.

Aman. You'll find the Undertaking difficult: The Surgeon, who already has attempted it, has much torment-ed me.

Wor. I'll aid him with a gentler Hand——If you will give me leave.

Aman. How soft soe'er the Hand may be, there still is Terror in the Operation.

Wor. Some few Preparatives would make it easy, could I persuade you to apply e'm. Make home Reflections, Madam, on your flighted Love: Weigh well the Strength and Beauty of your Charms: Rouze up that Spirit Women ought to bear. With Arms of Ice receive his cold Embraces, and keep your Fire for those who come in Flames. Behold a burning Lover at your Feet, his Fever raging in his Veins. See how he trembles, how he pants! See how he glows, how he consumes! Extend the Arms of Mercy to his Aid: his Zeal may give him Title to your Pity, altho' his Merit cannot claim your Love.

Aman. Of all my feeble Sex, sure I must be the weakest, shou'd I again presume to think on Love. [Sighing.]——Alas! my Heart has been too roughly treated.

Wor. 'Twill find the greater Bliss in softer Usage.

Aman. But where's that Usage to be found?

Wor. 'Tis here, within this faithful Breast; which if you doubt, I'll rip it up before your Eyes; lay all its Secrets open to your View; and then you'll see 'twas found.

Aman. With just such honest Words as these, the worst of Men deceiv'd me.

Wor. He therefore merits all Revenge can do: his Fault is such, the extent and stretch of Vengeance cannot reach it. O make me but your Instrument of Justice; you'll find me execute it with such Zeal, as shall convince you I abhor the Crime.

Aman. The Rigour of an Executioner, has more the Face of Cruelty than Justice : And he who puts the Cord about the Wretch's Neck, is seldom known to exceed him in his Morals.

Wor. What Proof then can I give you of my Truth ?

Aman. There is on Earth but one.

Wor. And is that in my Power ?

Aman. It is, And one that would so thoroughly convince me, I should be apt to rate your Heart so high, I possibly might purchase't with a part of mine.

Wor. I am blest. No matter what the Terms may be, when such a Recompence is offer'd. O tell me quickly what this Proof must be ! What is it will convince you of my Love ?

Aman. I shall believe you love me as you ought, if from this Moment, you forbear to ask whatever is unfit for me to grant——You pause upon it, Sir——I doubt on such hard Terms, a Woman's Heart is scarcely worth the having.

Wor. A Heart like yours, on any Terms is worth it ; 'twas not on that I paus'd : But I was thinking [*drawing nearer to her.*] whether some things there may not be, which Women cannot grant without a Blush, and yet which Men may take without Offence. [*Taking her Hand.*] Your Hand I fancy may be of the Number : O pardon me, if I commit a Rape upon it, [*kissing it eagerly*] and thus devour it with my Kisses.

Aman. O Heavens ! let me go.

Wor. Never, whilst I have Strength to hold you here. [*Forcing her to sit down on a Couch.*] My Life, my Soul, my Goddess. Nay, struggle not ; for all's in vain : Or Death or Victory ; I am determin'd.

Aman. And so am I, [*rustling from him.*] Now keep your distance, or we part for ever.

Wor. [*Offering again.*] For Heaven's sake——

Aman. [*Going.*] Nay then, Farewel.

Wor. kneeling and holding by her Cloaths. [O stay, and see the Magick Force of Love : Behold this raging Lion at your Feet, struck dead with Fear, and tame as Charms can make him. What must I do to be forgiven by you.

Aman. out of Repair : some Dispositions there are to be made good.

Aman. Repent, and never more offend.
 You see the Price I set upon my Heart,
 Perhaps 'tis dear : But spite of all your Art,
 You'll find on cheaper Terms, we ne'er shall part.

[*Exit Aminda.*

Worthy solus.

Sure there's Divinity about her ; and she's dispens'd
 some portion on't to me. For what but now was the
 wild Flame of Love, or (to dissect that spacious Term)
 the vile, the gross Desires of Flesh and Blood, is in a
 Moment turn'd to Adoration. When Truth's extorted
 from us, then we own the Robe of Virtue is a graceful
 Habit.

Cou'd Women but our secret Counsels scan,

Cou'd they but reach the deep Reserves of Man,

They'd wear it on ; that that of Love might last ;

For when they throw off one, we soon the other cast.

Their Sympathy is such——

The fate of one, the other scarce can fly,

They live together, and together die. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes.

Enter Young Fashion, Coupler, and Nurse.

Young Fash. **Y**OU know what a warm Living here is
 fallen, and that it must be in the dis-
 posal of him that has the Disposal of Miss ; now if you
 and the Doctor will agree to prove my Marriage, I'll
 present him to it, upon Condition he makes you his
 Bride.

Nurse. Now Blessings on your good Worship ! let him
 be fetch'd in by the Ears, I'll soon bring his Nose to the
 Grindstone.

Coup. Well said old Whitleather : hey, bring in the
 Domine.

Enter Lory with Bull.

Young Fash. All this I intend for you Doctor : what
 you are to do for me, I need not tell you.

Bull. Your Worship's Goodness is unspeakable.

Coup. No more Words, good Doctor ; but with the
 Parish take the Parsonage-house. 'Tis true 'tis a little
 out of Repair ; some Dilapidations there are to be made

good; the Windows are broke, the Wainscot warp'd, the Ceiling peel'd, and the Walls crack'd: but a little Glazing, Painting, White-washing, and Plaistering, will make it last thy Time.

Bull, Well, Sir, if it must be so, I submit.

Nurse. And so do I, with all Humility.

Coups. Why, well said: Come, let us go help this poor *Pidgeon* to his wandering Mate again; and after Institution and Induction, you shall all go a cooping together.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE changes.

Enter Miss and Nurse.

Miss. **B**UT is it sure and certain, say you, he's my Lord's own Brother?

Nurse. As sure, as he's your lawful Husband.

Miss. Pcod, if I had known that in time, I don't know but I might have kept him. For, between you and I, *Nurse*, he'd have made a Husband worth two of this I have. But which do you think you shou'd fancy most, *Nurse*?

Nurse. Why, truly, in my poor fancy, Madam, your first Husband is the prettier Gentleman.

Miss. I don't like my Lord's Shapes, *Nurse*.

Nurse. Why in good truly, as a body may say, he is but a Slam.

Miss. What do you think now he puts me in mind of? Don't you remember a long, loose, shambling sort of a Horse my Father call'd *Wasby*?

Nurse. As like as two Twin-Brothers.

Miss. Pcod, I have thought so a hundred times; Faith, I'm tired of him.

Nurse. Indeed, Madam, I think you had e'en as good stand to your first Bargain.

Miss. O but, *Nurse*, we han't consider'd the main thing yet. If I leave my Lord, I must leave my Lady too: and when I rattle about the Streets in my Coach, they'll only say, there goes *Mistress* — *Mistress* — *Mistress* what? What's this Man's Name, I have married, *Nurse*?

Nurse. 'Squire *Fashion*,

Miss.

Miss. 'Squire Fashion is it? — Well, 'Squire, that's better than nothing: Do you think one cou'd not get him made a Knight, Nurse?

Nurse. I don't know but one might, Madam, when the King's in a good Humour.

Miss. I'cod, that wou'd do rarely. For then he'd be as good a Man as my Father, you know.

Nurse. By flady, and that's as good as the best of 'em.

Miss. So 'tis, faith; for then I shall be my Lady, and your Ladyship at every Word, that's all I have to care for. Ha, Nurse, but hark you me, one thing more, and then I have done. I'm afraid, if I change my Husband again, I shan't have so much Money to throw about, Nurse.

Nurse. O, enough's as good as a Feast: Besides, Madam, one don't know, but as much may fall to your share with the younger Brother, as with the Elder. For tho' these Lords have a power of Wealth indeed; yet as I have heard say, they give it all to their Sluts and their Trulls, who joggle it about in their Coaches, with a Murrain to 'em, whilst poor Madam sits sighing and wishing, and knotting and crying, and has not a spare Half Crown, to buy her a Practice of Piety.

Miss. O, but for that, don't deceive yourself, Nurse. For this I must [snapping her Fingers] say for my Lord, and a — for him; He's as free as an open House at Christmas. For this very Morning he told me, I shou'd have two hundred a year to buy Pins. Now Nurse, if he gives me two hundred a year to buy Pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine Petticoats?

Nurse. Ah, my Dearest, he deceives thee foully, and he's no better than a Rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got a Gibberidge with 'em, would confound a Gipsy. That which they call Pin-money, is to buy their Wives every thing in the versal World, down to their very Shoe ties? Nay, I have heard Folks say, That some Ladies, if they will have Gallants, as they call 'em, are forc'd to find them out of their Pin-money too.

Miss. Has he serv'd me so, say ye? — Then I'll be his Wife no longer, that's fixt. Look, here he comes, with all the fine Folks at's heels. I'cod, Nurse, these London Ladies will laugh till they crack again, to see me

slip my Collar, and run away from my Husband. But, d'ye hear? Pray take care of one thing: When the Business comes to break out, be sure you get between me and my Father, for you know his Tricks; he'll knock me down.

Nurse. I'll mind him, he'er fear, Madam.

Enter Lord Foppington, Loveless, Worthy, Amanda, and Berinthia.

Lord Fop. Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all welcome, [*To Loveless.*] Loveless—That's my Wife; prythee do me the favour to salute her. And do'st hear, [*aside to him.*] if thou hast a mind to try thy Fortune, to be reveng'd of me, I won't take it ill, slap my Vitals.

Low. You need not fear, Sir, I'm too fond of my own Wife, to have the least Inclination for yours.

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] I'd give a thousand Pound he would make Love to her, that he may see she has sense enough to prefer me to him, tho' his own Wife has not. [*viewing him.*]—He's a very beastly Fellow, in my Opinion.

Mis. [*aside.*] What a Power of fine Men there are in this London! He that kist me first, is a goodly Gentleman, I promise you: Sure those Wives have a rare time on't, that live here always!

Enter Sir Tunbelly, with Musicians, Dancers, &c.

Sir Tun. Come, come in, good People, come in; come tune your Fiddle, tune your Fiddles. To the Hautboys. Bag-pipes, make ready there. Come strike up.

For this is Hoyden's Wedding day;

And therefore we keep Holy day,

And come to be merry.

Ha! there's my Wench, I'faith; Touch and take, I'll warrant her; she'll breed like a tame Rabbit.

Mis. [*aside.*] Pcod, I think my Father's gotten drunk before Supper.

Sir Tun. to Lov. and Wor.] Gentlemen, you are welcome, [*saluting Aman. and Ber.*] Ladies, by your leave. Ha——They bill like Turtles, Udfookers, they set my old Blood a-fire; I shall cuckold some body before Morning.

Lord Fop. to Sir Tun.] Sir, your being Master of the Entertainment; will you desire the Company to sit?

Sir

Sir Tun. Oons, Sir,——I'm the happiest Man on this side the Ganges!

Lord Fop. [*aside.*] This is a mighty unaccountable old Fellow. [*To Sir Tun.*] I said, Sir, it wou'd be convenient to ask the Company to sit.

Sir Tun. Sit——with all my Heart: Come, take your places, Ladies, take your places, Gentlemen: Come, sit down, sit down; a Fox of Ceremony, take your places. [*They sit, and the Dance begins.*]

The Dance ended, enter Young Fash, Coupler, and Bull.

Sir Tun. So, very fine, very fine, I faith, this is something like a wedding; now if Supper were but ready. I'd say a short Grace; and if I had such a Bedfellow as Hoyden to-night, I'd say as short Prayers.

Seeing Young Fash. How now! what have we got here? a Ghost? Nay, it must be so; for his Flesh and Blood cou'd never have dar'd to appear before me. To him, Ah, Rogue——

Lord Fop. Stop my Vitals, I am again?

Sir Tun. My Lord, will you cut his Throat? Or shall I?

Lord Fop. Leave him to me, Sir, if you please. Pr'ythee, *Tun*, be so ingenuous now, as to tell me what thy Business is here.

Young Fash. 'Tis with your Bride.

Lord Fop. Thou art the impudent 'st Fellow that Nature has yet spawn'd into the World, strike me speechless.

Young Fash. Why you know my Modesty wou'd have starv'd me; I sent it a begging to you, and you wou'd not give it a Groat.

Lord Fop. And dost thou expect by an excess of Assurance to extort a Maintenance from me?

Young Fash. taking Miss by the Hand. I do intend to extort your Mistress from you, and that I hope will prove one.

Lord Fop. I ever thought Newgate or Bedlam wou'd be his Fortune, and now his Fate's decided. Pr'ythee, Loveless, dost know of ever a Mad Doctor hard by?

Young Fash. There's one at your Elbow will cure you presently.

To Bull. Pr'ythee, Doctor, take him in hand quickly.

Lord Fop. Shall I beg the Favour of you, Sir, to pull your Fingers out of my Wife's Hand?

Young

Young Fash. His Wife! Look you there; now I hope you are all satisfy'd he's mad.

Lord Fop. Now is it not impossible for me to penetrate what Species of Folly it is thou art driving at.

Sir Tun. Here, here, here, let me beat out his Brains, and that will decide all.

Lord Fop. No, pray, Sir, hold, we'll destray him presently according to Law.

Young Fash. To Bull.] Nay, then advance, Doctor: come, you are a Man of Conscience, answer boldly to the Questions I shall ask: Did not you marry me to this young Lady, before ever that Gentleman there saw her Face?

Bull. Since the Truth must out, I did.

Young Fash. Nurse, sweet Nurse, were not you a Witness to it?

Nurse. Since my Conscience bids me speak—I was.

Young Fash. to Miss.] Madam, am not I your lawful Husband?

Miss. Truly I can't tell, but you married me first.

Young Fash. Now I hope you are all satisfy'd.

[Sir Tun, offering to strike him, is held by Lov, and Wor.]
Oons and Thunder, you lye.

Lord Fop. Pray, Sir, be calm, the Battle is in Disorder, but requires more Conduct than Courage to rally our Forces. Pray, Doctor, one word with you.

To Bull aside.] Look you, Sir, methinks it shou'd not be worth your while to risk your Soul in the next World, for the sake of a beggarly younger Brather, who is not able to make your Bady happy in this.

Bull. Alas! my Lord, I have no worldly Ends, I speak the Truth.

Young Fash. Come, pray Sir, all above-board, no corrupting of Evidences; if you please, this young Lady is my lawful Wife, and I'll justify it in all the Courts of England: to your Lordship (who always had a passion for Variety) may go seek a new Mistress, if you think fit.

Lord Fop. I am struck dumb with his Impudence, and cannot passively tell whether ever I shall speak again, or not.

Sir
Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a Man can do with an aking Heart, is to put on

Sir Tun. Then let me come and examine the Business a little, I'll jerk the Truth out of 'em presently; here, give me my Dog-whip.

Young Fash. Look you, old Gentleman, 'tis in vain to make a Noise; if you grow mutinous, I have some Friends within Call, have Swords by their Sides, above four Foot long; therefore be calm, hear the Evidence patiently, and when the Jury have given their Verdict, pass Sentence according to Law: here's honest Coupler shall be Foreman, and ask as many Questions as he-pleases.

Coup. All I have to ask is, whether Nurse persists in her Evidence? I'll answer for Domine.

Nurse to Sir Tun. kneeling. I hope your Worship will pardon me, I have served you long and faithfully, but in this thing I was over-reach'd; your Worship however was deceiv'd as well as I, and if the Wedding-Dinner had been ready, you had put Madam to bed with him with your own Hands.

Sir Tun. But how durst you do this, without acquainting of me?

Nurse. Alas! if your Worship had seen how the poor thing begg'd, and pray'd, and clung, and twin'd about me, like Ivy to an old Wall, you wou'd say, I who had suckled it, and swaddled it, and nurs'd it both wet and dry, must have had a Heart of Adamant to refuse it.

Sir Tun. Very well.

Young Fash. Foreman, I expect your Verdict.

Coup. Ladies, and Gentlemen, what's your Opinions?

All. A clear Case, a clear Case.

Coup. Then my young Folks, I wish you Joy.

Sir Tun. to Young Fash.] Come hither, Stripling? if it be true then, that thou hast marry'd my Daughter, pr'y-thee tell me who thou art?

Young Fash. Sir, the best of my Condition is, I am your Son-in-law; and the worst of it is, I am Brother to that Noble Peer there.

Sir Tun. Art thou Brother to that Noble Peer—— Why then, that Noble Peer, and Thee, and thy Wife, and the Nurse, and the Priest——may all go and be damn'd together.

[Exit Sir Tun.]

Lord Fop. aside.] Naw, for my part, I think the wisest thing a Man can do with an aking Heart, is to put on a se-

a serene Countenance; for a Philosophical Air is the most becoming thing in the World to the Face of a Person of Quality; I will therefore bear my Disgrace like a Great Man, and let the People see I am above an Affront. [To Young Fash.] Dear *Tam*, since Things are thus fallen out, pr'ythee give me leave to wish thee Jay, I do it *de bon Cœur*, strike me dumb: you have marry'd a Woman beautiful in her Person, charming in her Airs, prudent in her Conduct, constant in her Inclinations, and of a nice Marality, split my Wind-pipe.

Young Fash. Your Lordship may keep up your Spirits with your Grimace, if you please; I shall support mine with this Lady, and two thousand Pound a-year.

[*Taking Miss.*] Come, Madam:

We once again you see, are Man and Wife,
And now, perhaps, the Bargain's struck for Life:
If I mistake, and we shou'd part again,
At least you see you may have choice of Men:
Nay, shou'd the War at length such havock make,
That Lovers shou'd grow scarce, yet for your sake,
Kind Heaven always will preserve a Beau

[*Pointing to Lord Fop.*] You'll find his Lordship ready to
come to.

Lord Fop. Her Ladyship shall stop my Vitals if I do.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by

Lord FOPPINGTON.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THESE People have regal'd you here to-day
(In my Opinion) with a saucy Play;
In which the Author does presume to shew,
That Coxcomb, as Origine—was Beau.
Truly I think the thing of so much weight,
That if some sharp Chastisament be'n't his Fate,
Gad's Curse it may in time destroy the State.
I hold no one its Friend, I must confess,
Who wou'd discountenance you Men of Dress.
Far, give me leave to observe, good Cloaths are Things
Have ever been of great Support to Kings;
All Treasons come from Slovens, it is nat
Within the reach of gentle Beaux to plat;
They have no Gall; no Spleen, no Teeth, no Stings,
Of all Gad's Creatures, the most harmless Things.
Thro' all Record, no Prince was ever slain,
By one who had a Feather in his Brain.
They're Men of too refin'd an Education,
To squabble with a Court—for a vile dirty Nation.
I'm very positive you never saw
A thro' Republican a finish'd Beau.
Nor truly shall you very often see
A Jacobite much better dress'd than he;
In short, thro' all the Courts that I have been in,
Your Men of Mischief—still are in foul Linen.
Did ever one yet dance the Tyburn Figg,
With a free Air, or a well powder'd Wig?
Did ever Highway-man yet bid you stand,
With a sweet barwdy Snuff-Bax in his Hand?
Or do you ever find they ask your Purse
As Men of Breeding do?—Ladies, Gad's Curse,
This Author is a Dag, and 'tis not fit
You shou'd allow him even one Grain of Wit:
To which, that his Pretence may ne'er be nam'd,
My humble Motion is—he may be dam'd.

F I N I S.

EXPLOSIVE

2 broken by

London Forging Co.

Continued on next page

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